

JOTTINGS FROM  
AN INDIAN JOURNAL



SIR JOHN FIELD, K.C.B.  
1821-1899.



# JOTTINGS FROM AN INDIAN JOURNAL)

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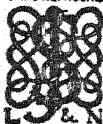
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# Jottings from an Indian Journal.

## CHAPTER I.

### THE FIRST AFGHAN WAR: ON THE MARCH TO CANDAHAR.

1841.

*MARCH 21st (Janadera, Baluchistan).* At 4.30 P.M. the bugles sounded for falling in, and at 5 we all assembled and began our march. By the time we had accomplished three miles we were fairly in the desert, with nothing to look at but one extensive sandy plain which bounded the vision on all sides. Over this dreary waste we continued our march until 10 o'clock, when we halted, much to my satisfaction, as I had become very sleepy, thirsty, and tired. Fortunately, we had the foresight to bring a few sandwiches, of which I partook. I then wrapped my cloak.

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around me, and with my saddle for a pillow sought a little repose by stretching myself on the sand. This, however, I was not suffered long to enjoy, as in an hour's time the bugle again blew and we resumed our monotonous march. After having proceeded about ten miles further, our guides informed the major that they had lost the road and knew not where we were going. This information, as may be supposed, disheartened and enraged us all very much, for unless we were fortunate enough to take the right direction we might wander about for days without meeting with a drop of water or anything else, which would be certain death to many of the poor sepoys who already were dropping to the rear and getting very tired.

Our course was a north-westerly one, which we endeavoured to follow as well as we were able by observing the stars, which were the only guides we had now remaining. Fortunately, the major had observed the position of some of the constellations with regard to us when we started, but yet great was the anxiety experienced by everyone, and this was rather increased than lessened when after marching until 3 A.M. we met nothing to

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increase our hopes but found ourselves off the road with many of the men perfectly exhausted. One poor camel-driver was taken ill with fever and died in a short time.

In this sorry state of affairs, the major wisely determined to halt until daylight, and the bugles consequently sounded to that effect. I immediately gave my pony in charge to my ghorawala (groom), threw myself down on the ground and was soon wrapped in oblivion of all our misfortunes.

*MARCH 22nd.* At daylight, about 5 A.M., we all arose and looked eagerly round for some object that might guide us to our destination. Nought, however, was to be seen save one wide expanse of sand, which looked ten times more desolate with our present prospects than when we first entered upon it. We were obliged, however, to recommence our march, and as the sun arose, and it became broad daylight, the major dispatched horsemen in different directions to scour the country, and gain, if possible, some information regarding our route. He himself rode off with one party whilst we slowly pursued our way over some faint traces of a road. In about an hour's time we saw the major in the

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distance galloping back, and I cannot describe the anxiety with which we awaited his approach. I myself endeavoured to read the news by his countenance before he had arrived near enough to speak, and thought I recognised a look of gladness and a smile of triumph, and I was not mistaken. We soon had the happiness to hear that we were marching in the direction of Barshoorie, which was about seven miles distant. This news instantly spread through the regiment and stimulated the sepoys to further exertions. They had by this time marched a distance of thirty miles, besides eleven in the morning, and yet many showed no outward signs of being tired, and no complaints were heard. Not so the Europeans; they, poor fellows, were far more fatigued than their dark companions, and most of them had become sore-footed and fallen to the rear, giving another instance of the superiority of the native in supporting fatigue. By about 9 A.M. we had accomplished our miserable march and arrived at Barshoorie.

*MARCH 25th.* This morning at 2 A.M. the regiment marched upon Kassim Ke Joke, but I being on the rear-guard was obliged



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to stay behind and see the stores, etc., off. This work I accomplished by about 5 A.M., but owing to the order of the major directing the officer with the rear-guard to remain until everything had arrived in camp, I was obliged to march with the guard, and a more disgusting, disagreeable journey I never had. The distance was eighteen miles across the desert, and owing to the weakness and slowness of the bullocks, we did not go more than two miles per hour. What I felt most was the intense heat, the thermometer being as high as  $150^{\circ}$ . Two or three of the sepoy were taken very ill, whilst a trooper tumbled off his horse and was unable to rise. How I escaped a sunstroke appears almost a miracle to me; the only cause I can assign for it is, my having taken a large Manilla hat and a turban which I wrapped round it, and kept continually wet by getting water from the nullahs (ditches) we passed by. As it was I became very dizzy and nearly fell from my pony once or twice, whilst my clothes were so hot that I could scarcely bear my hand on them. A little wine and water which I brought in a bottle in a leather case became so hot that I could not touch it.

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In this state I continued until 4 P.M., without anything to eat or drink except a little water. At that time I reached the camp almost blind with the heat, and almost unable to stand. At 6 o'clock I walked out and called on the major, who expressed great sorrow at my having been obliged to remain in the sun so long, which he declared was enough to kill anybody, and said no European officer in future should be put on any rear-guard: I therefore shall not have a repetition of the sufferings of the day.

*APRIL 24th (Dadur).* Yesterday it was  $104^{\circ}$  in my tent; to-day it is  $110^{\circ}$  and consequently it is fearfully hot. I never in my life before experienced anything like it. Even after the sun has set, it is nearly as hot as the middle of the day, and the morning, about 3 A.M., is the only time when it is tolerably cool. This temperature continues till about 6 A.M., when the sun gets well above the horizon. To-day a poor camel-man was nearly murdered by a rascally Beloochee, who inflicted two very severe sword cuts about his neck and face and then made good his escape. This morning I procured two labourers and set them to work

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in deepening my hut, as I intend to bury myself five or six feet underground, as it is the only way in which one can escape the heat and be said to live. Decomposed bodies of camels and bullocks literally smother the country and pollute the air in every direction for two miles all round the camp. The condition in which a person may be said to live in this place is to be baked in an oven in the day, and nearly suffocated by the effluvia from a charnel-house the rest of the time.

*MAY 30th, Sunday.* This morning I am much worse with dysentery and was on my back during the whole day. The doctor offered to give me a sick certificate to Quetta where the climate is delightful, but I did not like to leave my duty and companions, and therefore declined to accept it, though it was a very tempting offer.

*AUGUST 1st.* A heavy fall of rain has proved an unspeakable blessing, for many of us were in the last stage of exhaustion, with our minds prostrated as well as our bodies. I, for one, had become so weak from the continued intense heat as to be unable to ride my horse, and it was with the greatest exertion that I could walk to the mess to dinner.

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My mind, too, was in the same state of weakness, and I could not fix my attention in reading for ten minutes. This being the case, it may easily be conceived with what delight we welcomed the rain. I, in a short time, felt like a different being; the vigour of my mind returned, also in a great measure, that of my body.

*AUGUST 29th.* Major Outram\* arrived here on his way to assume his political duties as Resident of Upper Scinde. In the evening I called upon him and found him quite well. He had not forgotten me since I shared his hospitality at Haidarabad, and seemed very glad to see me.

*AUGUST 30th.* I am going to Quetta in command of a detachment of 150 men, having under my charge a convoy of 450 camels laden with commissariat supplies. I was not able to get away before 9 P.M.; at that time I bade good-bye to all friends at Dadur, gave the word "Forward!" and began my march. After having proceeded about five miles over a pretty fair but stony road, we crossed the Bolan River for the first time. It is a very

Afterwards Sir James Outram.

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pretty stream with long waving grass on both banks ; it rushes down from the hills with great velocity, and is very clear, for by the light of the moon I could see the pebbles sparkling below. I was the first to emerge into the dry road, and upon looking back, a very amusing and somewhat picturesque scene presented itself. In the water were mixed up together sepoy, camels, "tattoos" (ponies), etc. ; the Poona Horse followed dressed in their yellow garments with red waistbands, and the moon, which was nearly at the full shining, made them look as though they were covered with gold. The hills at this time on both sides of us were about four or five hundred feet high ; they looked particularly grand as we wound along the base of them with their tops, as it were, tipped with gold by the pale light of the moon, whilst their lower parts were wrapped in the darkest gloom. Major Outram came up in the night and goes to Bibi-Nanee with me to-morrow, from whence he starts the same night for Quetta ; rather sharp work, but he always travels in this manner.

*SEPTEMBER 1st.* A reinforcement of fifty sepoy and thirty-five sowars (horsemen),

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together with ammunition reached me to-day, sent out by Major Woodhouse on account of a convoy having been robbed on its way to Quetta by two hundred of the Murrees who were supposed to be still about the pass. This made the major deem it advisable to augment the strength of my detachment as it would be impossible to protect a convoy of five hundred camels, etc., extending in a line for two miles, with one hundred men.

*SEPTEMBER 24th.* At the appointed time we began our march for Ab-i-gum. We were not fated, however, to arrive there without a little disturbance. Three of the party very imprudently left the escort and proceeded on alone about a mile ahead. Upon entering a small defile, they were brought to the halt rather unpleasantly by seven or eight bullets whizzing over their heads, and upon looking up, discovered a number of Beloochees who, seated behind stones, with great coolness continued firing at them. I took twelve men with their muskets loaded and went off in double-quick time in the hopes of bagging some of the rascals. We soon scampered up the hills with me at their-head, but the fellows all took to their

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heels and we were not able to overtake them ; therefore, for this time, we were obliged to return without avenging the insult.

*OCTOBER 3rd.* This morning a shocking report arrived that a conductor's wife who was going up the pass to join her husband had been cruelly murdered by the Beloochees, one of whom put his matchlock to her breast, and shot her dead. The poor woman was strongly advised by everyone not to attempt the journey, but she would not be persuaded. Passing through the Bolan is like running the gauntlet, for these rascals cover the hills in every direction, and pursue their horrible trade of robbing and murder with perfect impunity. The strongest escort is not safe, for they sit behind stones on the summit of the hills where balls cannot reach them, and fire down upon the persons passing below.

*OCTOBER 7th (Dadur).* In the afternoon intelligence was brought to camp that the grass-cutters whilst collecting forage about four miles from camp had been attacked by some Beloochee horsemen, who came down from the hills and robbed them of all their tattoos (ponies), killed five men and seriously wounded others. Lieut. Malcolm instantly took out

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a party of his men in pursuit but returned after a fruitless search. In the evening, however, whilst we were all about to sit down to dinner the major received information that some of the murderers had taken refuge in a village not far distant which had always borne a very bad character. He therefore instantly ordered out one hundred infantry and some Poona Horse for the purpose of searching the place and bringing every male inhabitant a prisoner to camp. I volunteered my services, and the major kindly allowed me to go, so as soon as all was ready, we started, leaving the dinner smoking on the table. We proceeded in silence for about half an hour until we approached within a few hundred yards of the village. We then halted, and before storming it gave directions to the men not to touch women or children, but merely to secure all the men and not to plunder anything except firearms and swords.

Everything being now ready, the horsemen were first sent to surround the place and prevent anyone escaping. After they had properly taken up their station, the infantry were divided into two parties, of one of which I took command and the major that of the other.



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Our plan was to enter at two points at the same time, I going in the rear of the place with my party, whilst the major entered by the front. Having settled everything, we separated, and I proceeded as quickly as possible without noise to the rear where we entered the village with fixed bayonets. Many fellows were secured instantly before they had time to get their arms and run, whilst others who were further off took to their heels. Some rushed into houses to hide, and thus were caught, whilst above all the din rose the screaming of women, who rushed about throwing their arms in the air like a number of Bedlamites. I directed my course to the citadel, in which were a number of men whom we soon made prisoners without much resistance, although I had a personal encounter with one fellow whom I soon overpowered. Having ransacked this place, I proceeded to search all the houses, in which great numbers had hid themselves. Whilst engaged in this work, two more fellows resisted, both of whom I overcame and put in surveillance.

The surprise had been so great that not a man had time to get outside the walls. In about an hour's time we had captured all the .

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men, together with their arms and began our return to camp. The major was much pleased with our success, and a good part of the night was spent in separating the suspected persons from the peaceful villagers. This having been accomplished, the latter were allowed to go about their business, whilst the former were placed under a close guard. I think there is but little doubt that we have caught some of the villains, and my opinion is much strengthened by observing their swords, some of which bear recent marks of blood.

*OCTOBER 8th.* In the afternoon I was glad to hear that the fellows we caught last night had been proved to have been of the party who attacked the grass-cutters, but I am sorry to say they cannot be hanged as they deserve until Major Outram hears of it and decides upon their punishment.

*DECEMBER 14th.* Whilst we were sitting at the breakfast-table, Blenkins of ours, who had been out shooting, returned and astonished us all by recounting a very disagreeable adventure which had just befallen him. He was walking along amongst some nullahs near the Bolan when all at once he heard a "phing" and saw a villainous Beloochee, about ten yards from

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him, presenting a matchlock at his breast, which had fortunately flashed in the pan, and thus by a most providential escape Blenkins returned alive; fortunately he succeeded in catching the rascal who appeared quite paralyzed by the ill-success of his daring. He brought him into camp and a court-martial assembles to-day, which I have no doubt will adjudge him to be hung.

1842.

*JANUARY 16th.* This evening about the time for roll-call the report of a musket was heard in the lines, and news was shortly brought to the adjutant that a sepoy had shot himself. A court of inquest was immediately ordered to assemble, and I was appointed one of the members. Upon proceeding to his hut we found him lying on his back quite dead, with the musket discharged between his legs. He had evidently pulled the trigger with his toe; the ball passed completely through him and lodged in the opposite wall, causing instantaneous death. From the evidence adduced it appears that the unfortunate man had had a dream that his father, mother, and all his

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family were dead, which fancy acting upon a superstitious mind, made him so dejected that he came to the resolution of destroying himself.

*FEBRUARY 3rd.* News of the most disastrous import reached camp to-day. It is only known to the political officers and a few others, and is kept quite secret as it is not wished that it should spread among the natives. The major, who is in the secret, informed me of it; it is that the whole force at Cabul consisting of upwards of five thousand bayonets, has been cut up, with the exception of a doctor, who with great difficulty escaped and reached Jellallabad. It appears that a treaty was entered into by which our troops were to pass out of the country in safety, and provisions were supplied to them to enable them to do so. They, however, had no ammunition, and in consequence treachery, that predominant feature in the Afghan character, was used. When the force had entered the Khyber Pass, where they could not defend themselves in the least, the enemy crowned the heights and massacred the whole, with the exception of a few who were made prisoners; amongst these last were many ladies. I suppose such a catastrophe has never before befallen us since our posses-

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sion of India, and I am afraid it must in great measure destroy that feeling of fear with which the natives of the country regard our troops.

*FEBRUARY 13th.* Copied a long letter for Major Outram, who has so much to do that he is glad to employ the services of anyone who will willingly write. I, myself, am very glad to do so, as it gives one a good insight into the policy pursued, and one hears besides all the news.

*FEBRUARY 17th.* My servant upon awaking me this morning brought me some ice to look at which I was delighted to see once again, it being such a novelty. The natives cannot discriminate between the feeling on handling snow, and that of being burned by fire; they say it burns them! Major Outram sent me some important dispatches to copy. There was no fresh news in them excepting that General N. had determined to hold Candahar until he received orders from Government, in spite of those of General Elphinstone, who ordered him to evacuate. He is quite right in his determination, and has obtained a good deal of credit for it, but, latterly a good deal of blame and ridicule has

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been cast upon him owing to a fight which took place at Candahar. A large body of Afghans had taken possession of a fort in the vicinity of the city, and proved very troublesome. General N. therefore determined to dislodge them; he therefore brought two or three regiments and sixteen guns, but would not allow them to engage, and kept dilly-dallying until H.M. 40th and 38th N.I. losing all patience, rushed forward without orders and very soon routed and dispersed the enemy, killing about two hundred of them; the rest took to their heels and escaped.

*FEBRUARY 18th.* In the afternoon, about 4 P.M., I learnt that a shooting match was to take place between the Khan and his chiefs and some of the officers here. It was a very interesting sight to see all the chiefs, who, a year ago, had been our determined enemies, now joking and chatting with the officers. Some of them shot uncommonly well, and were quite a match for us; the distance was one hundred yards at a target; they fired with their long matchlocks, and we with our guns. The Khan hit the mark twice, but I think both parties shot equally well.

*MARCH 3rd.* I had the pleasure to receive

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a note from the major offering me the wing-adjutancy. Of course I was perfectly delighted to accept it, not only for the allowance (ninety Rs. per mensem), but also on account of its being a recommendation to the adjutancy of the regiment should it become vacant. I also consider it a great compliment, as I am nearly the junior ensign in the regiment.

*MARCH 26th.* This morning we began our march on Haidarzai, a distance of eleven miles (twenty-two from Quetta). The whole way lies among small hills, which offer splendid places for ambuscades. Not many of the enemy, however, were seen. I took a sub-division a short distance after about thirty fellows who had come down on the plain, but they shortly ran away after firing some shots, a few of which came very close to our heads.

*MARCH 28th.* At 6 A.M. we began our march on Haikalzai, about ten miles distant, but as ill-luck would have it, we never arrived there, having been obliged to retire before the enemy. During the whole of the march we had observed a good many men going along the tops of the hills, as if proceeding to some,



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certain place ; and about three miles before we got to our destination, information was brought by the advance party that the enemy were occupying the hills in our front. As we approached nearer we could distinctly see them in great force. They had occupied a position of great natural strength, commanding a little pass through which we were obliged to go. There were hills to the right and left with about a musket shot between, and on a small one to the right they had erected a parapet and dug a ditch all round. It was on this that Muhammed Sadiq, the leader of the rebels, with the principal chiefs, had determined to oppose us, and the green standard was flying accordingly. The other hills to the left were likewise crowded with men, whom the brigadier attempted to dislodge in the first place by firing some shells among them, but seeing this had no effect, he dispatched one company under Hodgkinson to turn the hill. He advanced for this purpose under a very heavy fire from which several of our men fell, and in the meantime the three other companies were ordered to advance in line and storm their stronghold. Major Apthorp volunteered to lead the party, and they then began their



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ascent under a most dreadful fire. Many fell wounded and killed, but the major part contrived to reach the top. Just then the enemy's cavalry made a charge, and bore everything before them down under the bayonets of the 41st, who were drawn up in square at the bottom. Captain —, of the 41st was shot through the heart at the head of his men, and Major Apthorp was cut down, and it is feared mortally wounded. All this time Leslie's guns were playing away right and left, but did not do a great deal of execution, as the cunning rascals, every time one was fired, concealed themselves behind the rocks. Our wing had, in the morning, been ordered to protect the baggage, and therefore we were not regularly engaged, although the balls came whizzing over our heads and all around in fine style.

After having been repulsed in this way, I am ashamed to say, the brigadier got disheartened, and would not attempt to force his way again, but ordered a retreat upon a village about two miles off. Thither we accordingly went, leaving our dead and wounded at the mercy of the savages, whom, as we were retiring, we saw come down and hack our

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poor comrades to pieces with barbarous ferocity.

Our loss was very severe; thirty killed and seventy-eight wounded. Everyone has lost all confidence in the brigadier, as the affair altogether was shockingly managed. After having arrived at the village, which was ruined and deserted, we were ordered to encamp for the night, and only one tent was allowed to each company. We were all told to sleep accoutred and ready to turn out at a moment's notice. None of us got anything to eat except a piece of bread or so, and, to make things still worse, a tremendous storm came on, drenching the poor sepoys and ourselves to the skin, making it more miserable than I can describe. The expectation also of being attacked every moment prevented our sleeping, and I was up five or six times during the night going round and seeing that all was right. About 12 o'clock at night an order came out that we were to march at 6 A.M. in the morning, but our destination was kept secret. I only hope it may be to advance upon these fellows again, but I am much afraid we shall retire the way we came, overwhelmed with disgrace.

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*MARCH 29th.* This morning, about 6 A.M., we fell in and began our march. It was soon evident that a retreat had been determined upon. The enemy still occupied their position of yesterday in great numbers, and we could easily see them waving their swords and beckoning for us to come on. Oh! how my heart beat with rage and vexation! I would have given anything if we could have got at these fellows, but the Brigadier said he had not troops sufficient to force the place. After we had got about two miles off, the enemy began to descend the hills and come up on our flanks and rear, but keeping under the hills out of reach of our shot; they got, however, a good deal of spoil, as a good many camels tumbled down, and their loads were left behind as they would not rise with them.

During all this march of about twenty-three miles, which took us the whole day to accomplish, we tasted nothing either to eat or drink, and consequently reached Kujlak very faint and hungry about 5 P.M.

*MARCH 30th.* To-day we remained stationary and were not molested, but the enemy were in sight all round upon the

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adjacent hills. The nonsensical policy of our Politicals here again showed itself. Although every officer and man in the force was without forage for his cattle, not a soul was allowed either to cut any green wheat, of which there was plenty, nor to obtain any "bousa" (chaff) from the village close by, from which all the inhabitants had run away. Sepoys were placed in it to prevent anyone taking anything away. What can produce this infatuation I cannot think. Here we are retiring through a country, all the inhabitants of which have risen against us, and taken every opportunity to rob us and cut our throats, yet we must protect their crops and villages and do them no kind of injury! It really does appear very strange, but I will endeavour to think it is done for the best.

*MARCH 31st.* At 6 A.M. we began our march on Quetta. We were obliged to send a company or so under the hills after a body of men who were advancing over the plain in our rear. I took the subdivision I had command of, and got near enough for one or two volleys. I also myself shot at two or three rascals who were making off, and wounded one fellow, but he got away.

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During this march I had nothing to eat or drink for eighteen hours save a piece of old "App," which my butler had made for himself. At any other time I could not have touched it, as it was full of ghee, etc., but here I thought it one of the most delicious morsels I had eaten for a long time. We reached Quetta about 5 P.M.

*JUNE 30th (Quetta).* In the evening Major Outram\* dined at our mess. A very hot discussion took place between him and Captain H. The latter spoke against the service, and said several other things very discreditable to an officer. Outram took it up and expressed himself surprised, and told H. he ought to be ashamed of himself to utter such sentiments. It served him, in my opinion, quite right, but yet Major Outram is to be blamed for the very violent manner in which he spoke. I suppose an apology will be required to-morrow, but if not made, a *rencontre* must unavoidably take place. I do not think Outram will apologise, as the sentiments uttered by H. were truly disgraceful. The affair disturbed the harmony

\* Afterwards Sir James Outram.

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of the evening, and our party broke up early.

*JULY 1st.* After breakfast I was busily occupied with the muster-rolls, but my work was put a stop to rather suddenly by a sepoy who, running in, reported that a Havildar and another man had been murdered. They had along with eight other sepoys gone out fishing about three miles from camp and whilst thus occupied were attacked by five armed Beluchis. The latter (the sepoys being unarmed) succeeded in killing the above-mentioned men; the rest of the party fortunately escaped.

Immediately I heard of the butchery, I went over and reported it to the major, and asked him to allow me to go out and see if I could discover any traces of the murderers. After obtaining the brigadier's permission, he did so, I therefore mounted my horse and taking about ten sowars (horsemen) with me, galloped up to the spot. When I reached the river bank, a shocking sight presented itself. There lay the bodies of the unfortunate men regularly hacked to pieces in the most brutal manner. One man had his head hanging by a piece of skin, as

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well as his left arm cut off besides numerous other cuts, and the Havildar was nearly severed in two pieces. So horrid was the sight that, although my nerves are not very weak, I felt quite sick.

I set about scouring the country in all directions in hopes of discovering the murderers. I am sorry to say that after two hours' thorough search, during which time I found no traces of these brutes, I was obliged to return to camp bringing in with me the mutilated bodies. This tragedy will prove a wholesome lesson to our foolish men who frequently play truant and go far from camp contrary to orders.

*JULY 9th.* While I was passing through the town, a horrible sight met my eyes. On the ground lay a poor Hindu almost starved to death, without a particle of flesh on his body. His veins and bones were distinctly visible, being merely covered by the skin, whilst his body was shrunk to the size of a child's, and his eyes sunk in his head till they were scarcely visible. Altogether he appeared like an apparition from the tomb. Upon inquiring of some natives who were standing round him, not one offering to assist



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or give the poor wretch a morsel to eat, I ascertained that he was a Hindu faqir without a friend, who, being overtaken by sickness, had been reduced to this state. I hastened home and dispatched my servant with some money to his assistance, but I fear his thread of life is spun.

*JULY 29th.* I regret exceedingly to say that my worst fears respecting the overland mail were realised. It was stopped and robbed within a few miles of this, and thus all our hopes of hearing from our friends are cut off till next month owing to these villains, who, to annoy us without doing themselves any good, try to deprive us of all letters by robbing the post. My rage and vexation knew no bounds, as it is the only pleasure we have during the month, and thus to be deprived of it is intolerable.



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## CHAPTER II.

RETURN TO SCINDE : SUKKUR, SEHWAN, AND.  
HYDRABAD.

1843.

*MARCH 28th (Sukkur).* The river Indus continues to rise daily, and the poor fishermen appear to be sadly distressed by the strong current while pursuing their daily occupation. This is carried on in a very singular manner. Each man is provided with a large earthen bowl, having a small mouth, and with a net fastened to a long pole ; he rests his stomach on the opening of the pitcher to keep the water out, and with the net in his hand pushes himself out into the middle of the stream, keeping the net by means of the pole low under water. In this way he intercepts and catches the fish which always swim against the stream. It is wonderful to see how successful they are, and how they keep their balance in.

## *JOTTINGS FROM*

the stream which carries them down at the rate of ten miles the hour, on this frail vessel which is not more than a foot in diameter. Few, if any accidents ever occur, for they are all expert swimmers, for they are in the water all the day long.

*JUNE 1st.* In the evening at dinner, Captain M. showed himself in his true colours by a most unprovoked attack on Dr. D. of our regiment, threatening to send that officer to his quarters if he made use of some harmless expressions again in conversation, one of which was "offensive," and also for having told a servant to open the tent without first asking the mess-president if it would be agreeable, a thing never thought of by any of us, amongst whom perfect harmony has always prevailed. I hope the doctor will forward a complaint against Captain M., for a more disgusting abuse of authority I never witnessed ; it will be a lesson to me.

I retired early to bed and about an hour afterwards saw Captain M. walking up and down before his tent which adjoins mine, muttering to himself, and at times almost screaming with rage, sometimes so loud that I could distinctly hear the words "con-

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temptible," "disgusting," "degrading," mingled with Dr. D.'s name. This he continued doing for about two hours before retiring, clearly showing what a victim he was to passion and vanity.

*JUNE 25th (On the "Indus")*. During these four days we have been detained on board the steamer by a boisterous wind which has prevented our fleet from making any way. Our life here is most monotonous and wretched, and I shall be perfectly delighted when I am again in my own tent and can get something to do. Here from morning to night our occupations are literally nothing but eating, drinking, and sleeping. It is quite impossible to sit down to read or write, for the vessel is quite crammed, and even if there was a private room, the confusion and noise occasioned by thirteen or fourteen young officers would render the attempt abortive. At night we all sleep together on deck, our beds touching each other in close proximity, which is anything but agreeable.

*AUGUST 11th*. To-day I am sorry to have to record a circumstance of a very unpleasant nature which took place amongst the men of the L company. Fifty of the ~~spos~~ spoys.

## *JOTTINGS FROM*

were ordered on duty as a working party to build part of their lines and refused to do so. I instantly reported to Captain M., and accompanied him to the spot where the men were standing, but cannot express the disgust and astonishment with which I witnessed his behaviour toward them. Instead of insisting upon his orders being obeyed, and making a severe example of those who refused to do so, he quietly told the native officer commanding the party to take his men to their lines, thereby tacitly acknowledging he had not the authority to enforce his orders or dared not use it. This is the first time I have ever known the men refuse to obey an order; nothing could equal their willingness and obedience during the whole time the major was in command of the corps. The reason of this change in their conduct is Captain M.'s inconsistency and want of firmness; the men do not respect but despise him; one day he will fearfully abuse, and another day praise them, whilst deserving men are brought to court-martial for trifling faults, and worthless blackguards pardoned. During the two months he has commanded the regiment ten ~~men~~ have been tried by court-martial, and

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out of these eight discharged the service, whereas last year only four men were brought to trial. Dissensions have arisen among the European officers, and a court of enquiry will most likely be convened shortly to investigate certain charges made by him against Dr. D. Wherever he goes he is ridiculed and laughed at, and I verily believe he has not a friend in the world. To complete the picture his overweening self-conceit prevents his discerning any of his numerous failings.

*AUGUST 14th.* I was told by the Adjutant-General on the parade that a court of inquiry would assemble at 10.30 A.M. to investigate the complaint made by Dr. D. against Captain M., and consequently I congratulated myself on being about to visit a friend to-day, as I thought neither party would be able to find me to make me give evidence at the court, as I do not know a more unpleasant duty than to be called upon on such occasions. As it turned out, however, I was not so fortunate as I hoped, for they got scent of me and about 10 o'clock I was summoned, and had, therefore, to put on my red coat and attend. All the officers of the corps, with the exception of two, were waiting in an ante-room,

## JOTTINGS FROM

not at all enjoying the idea of being called upon to give evidence; these I joined amidst the jokes of my companions for they guessed pretty well that I had wanted to keep out of the way. I was the first called upon and my examination began, both complainant and defendant anxiously devouring every word I uttered. The court then permitted me to retire, which I was glad to do, not feeling very comfortable at having been obliged to give evidence against my commanding officer.

*AUGUST 17th.* In the evening the opinion of the court of inquiry appeared in Brigade Orders. Captain M. is most severely reprimanded, and his conduct towards D. is pronounced "oppressive" and "tyrannical," whereas D. is fully exonerated from all blame. Sir Charles Napier approves the finding and makes remarks on Captain M.'s conduct, but more mildly than I thought he would.

*AUGUST 18th.* At 12 o'clock we were all ordered up on duty to the mess-room, and here Captain M. exposed himself again to ridicule, and I now really begin to think he cannot at times be in his right mind. The ~~case~~ case of our being assembled was that he

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might read out his own condemnation pronounced by the court of inquiry. I shall never forget the scene that took place ; there stood the little man, order-book in hand, in the midst of us, reading out the judgment of the court, and as he frequently had occasion to pronounce the words "unjustifiable conduct of Captain M.," he gradually worked himself into a violent passion which he at last gave vent to in an attack upon Dr. D., thereby again laying himself open to another complaint, should that officer wish to make one.

*AUGUST 28th.* After roll-call I rode over to the 21st camp in order to attend the dinner given to General Sir Charles Napier. The grenadier company of the 21st was in attendance as a guard of honour, and on the general's arrival received him with presented arms. Shortly afterwards we adjourned to dinner, in number about 112, all in uniform, which, owing to the great variety, had an exceedingly pretty effect by candle-light. After the cloth was removed various healths were proposed and drunk, and lastly, that of "our gallant commander and guest, Sir Charles Napier." To attempt to describe the applause that followed this toast would ~~be~~



## *JOTTINGS FROM*

ridiculous ; a regular roar of cheers was kept up for some minutes, which I thought would never cease.

At last it did, and the general then rose and calmly and deliberately commenced a very complimentary speech. He talked at some length about the honour we had done him, and added, "that he had known generals spoil armies but that the Scinde army seemed inclined to spoil their general. For," said he, "gentlemen, you have won two battles for me, you have made me Governor of Scinde, you have given me my regiment, and also have made me a Grand Cross of the Bath."

He wound up a clever speech by expressing his regret at leaving us, amongst whom he had formed many friendships, "the links of which would remain unsevered, even if we did not meet again. These links were the marches in the desert, the victories won, and the feast on the plains of Hydrabad." Here he concluded and sat down, as may be supposed, amidst deafening shouts which made the welkin ring. My description gives but a very poor idea of the speech which I shall remember as long as I live, for a more sensible one I never heard. ~~The~~ dead silence of the listening throng, the



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venerable appearance of the speaker, and the deep feeling with which he spoke will ever be present to my memory.

NOVEMBER 14<sup>th</sup>. I regret exceedingly to have to note that sickness continues to increase, and unless some change takes place in the climate there will soon not be an effective man in the whole force. Ours is now almost the only corps that does any duty, and we have three hundred men in hospital, while some of the other regiments have not a man fit for duty. Many of the sepoys go on guard when they are scarcely able to hold their muskets from weakness.

1844.

JANUARY 28<sup>th</sup> (Tatta). (*On sick leave.*) Started as I purposed yesterday a little before daylight, being carried on my bed which was slung across two poles by ropes. Thus, borne upon men's shoulders, I found it as I expected very uncomfortable from the excessive shaking and uneasy motion. My bearers likewise found it harder work than they expected, for on their arrival in the town the rascals set me down in the streets to be gazed

## JOTTINGS FROM

at by "the unsoaped" of Tatta. They refused to carry me any further unless I gave them two extra men. Being quite at their mercy, I was obliged to smother my anger and comply with their request.

*MARCH 1st.* I arrived at Jemadar Ka Landi about 8 A.M., and shortly afterwards General and Lady Sale, with her daughter, came *en route* to Karachi from Sukkur. I, of course, offered the travellers' bungalow which I occupied for their use, but as it was so small and dirty, they preferred living in their tent. The general is the hero of Jelalabad, and the ladies were two of the unfortunate captives taken by Akbar Khan in our disastrous retreat from Cabul. During the morning the general came and sat a long time with me chatting over some of his adventures. He is now, I should think, about sixty years of age, but still active, although stout, and must have been a handsome man when young. He looks like what he is, a real soldier, frank and open-hearted, and is now about to proceed to England to rest upon the laurels which he has so nobly earned.

*MARCH 7th (Heeli).* Before reaching

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my destination I met a curious looking character who is worthy of a moment's notice. He was a chief of the name of Bahadur Khan, and attended by five or six horsemen who were waiting in the road, whilst their master with a double-barrelled gun (the gift of our Government most likely) was partridge-shooting in the jungle. This is an amusement taught by us, as before our arrival in the country no one thought of persecuting the poor black-cock who walked his native woods in impunity. On seeing me he immediately abandoned his employment, and, after the usual compliments had been interchanged, inquired particularly regarding Sir Charles Napier's departure from Karachi, to visit whom he was then proceeding.

Whilst answering these and other questions, I had time to examine my interrogator whose appearance was anything but prepossessing. He was short and stout with a long, black beard and blind of one eye which gave him a fierce, sinister expression. He was handsomely dressed and his waistbelt stuck full of pistols and daggers, some of which were mounted in gold and silver, whilst his gun slung across his shoulder and an English

## JOTTINGS FROM

jockey cap perched on his head, made him appear a formidable and singular personage.

*MAY 9th.* I was much surprised at a striking instance of superstition shown by my head servant, an intelligent Mussulman. He came running to my room and entreated me to lend him my pistol for the purpose of shooting an imp which was sitting on the top of a wall and talking to him. He went on to describe it, and said that it had the face of a man but very ugly, and had lately frequently appeared and talked with the servants. As its coming boded no good, he wished to try and shoot it. I was much amused and burst out laughing, and although I attempted to point out the absurdity of such a thing, I fancy he went away anything but convinced that what he had seen was only the effect of his imagination.

A shocking instance of unexpected death occurred yesterday in the case of a European soldier. Three days ago he had been slightly bitten when asleep in the head, but could not find out by what reptile. As, however, the wound caused him no pain, he merely mentioned the circumstance and took no further notice of it.

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The next day the place had swollen considerably, but still gave little pain; the doctor applied leeches but they did little or no good. The poor man gradually became weaker, and in a few hours was a corpse. After death his body became covered over with black livid spots, and it is supposed that he was bitten by a whip-snake.

*MAY 24th.* About 6 A.M. I started for Government House, in the Fort, where the Durbar is to be held. A guard of honour of about four hundred men in full dress lined the roads leading to the house on both sides for a hundred yards, and must have made, I fancy, some of these barbarous chiefs tremble for their safety as it served to show them how completely they were in our grasp. They for the most part came plainly, and many dirtily, dressed, attended only by a few unarmed followers without any show or state, and were received separately by Sir Charles Napier, surrounded by us officers in full dress. Almost every chief had some petition to make, and all were most vociferous in urging claims, whilst their followers kept up a continual cry for "Jageers" (grants of land), pressing forward to make their salaams to such a degree that

## *JOTTINGS FROM*

the governor was at last obliged to retreat and place two sentries in front of him to keep the crowd back. No ceremony or form of introduction was observed, which I think was a pity, and made the whole affair appear undignified, causing everyone to struggle for a hearing. The manners of the Beluchis are uncourteous, whilst in appearance they are undersized and mean.

A great many chiefs of importance attended the Durbar; one of them alone, it was said, could bring forty thousand followers into the field. I fancied most of them went away pleased with their reception. Much good is expected from the gathering, and as the governor appeared to be liberal and affable to them, I daresay he will gain his object, and succeed to a great degree in restoring peace and confidence to the people of this wretched country.

*JUNE 6th.* This morning I received an order from the major to proceed officially to Captain M.'s quarters and place him in arrest, for writing insubordinate letters. I felt this to be a most painful duty to perform, particularly as I am so young in the service, and he is of about twenty-four years' standing. However,

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there being no alternative, I was obliged to go and inform him that such was my errand. He appeared much frightened at the consequences of his conduct, and evidently did not expect so determined a measure would be adopted against him. He gave me up his sword without scarcely saying a word, and having received it, I returned and handed it over to the major, delighted at having finished so unpleasant a job.

*JUNE 25th.* Much to our surprise and, I must say, regret, we received orders to-day to hold ourselves in readiness to proceed to Sukkur at a moment's notice, for the purpose of assisting to quell a mutiny which had broken out in the Bengal 64th Native Infantry, the sepoys of which regiment demand on account of their being stationed at Shikapur (a distance of only two marches from Sukkur) an increase of pay, and as this of course was not granted, they broke out in open mutiny, refusing their pay, and I hear even kicked their officers off parade, refusing also to give up their arms, and threatening to go over to the Sikhs.

*SEPTEMBER 10th.* The sentences of the court-martial lately held upon the thirty-eight mutineers of the 64th Bengal Native



## *JOTTINGS FROM*

Infantry have been published. Six poor wretches are to be hung, seven to be imprisoned with hard labour for life, ten for fourteen years, thirteen more for ten years, five more for seven years, and the remaining three for five years. This is a most fearful example, and its necessity is to be truly lamented. It is to be hoped that the Bengal army will profit by it, and never again mutiny.

*OCTOBER 10th.* About 4 A.M., the brigade marched for Buchanee, a distance of nine miles, our regiment taking the lead, but owing to our guide, we underwent a great deal of fatigue, and marched at least eighteen miles before reaching our ground, having lost the road, and wandered quite in the wrong direction. The heat was excessive, and I have seldom in Scinde felt it worse. We did not arrive at Buchanee until 11 A.M., many of the poor sepoy being quite knocked up. Good news however awaited us to cheer the spirits, for the long expected order has been received for our leaving Scinde for India, and we are to commence our march back for Bombay tomorrow. I need not say how delighted I feel for this happy change in our prospects.

*OCTOBER 16th.* At 11 P.M. the bugles



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sounded and roused us from our short sleep unwillingly, to prepare for the march. About 1 A.M. we started, congratulating ourselves that it would be our last march to Scinde. I was obliged to get into a dooly after having proceeded a short distance, as I felt too unwell to remain on horseback. We reached Karachi a little after 10 A.M., the men being very tired, having been continually marching and exposed daily to the sun. On the road we received an order directing us to embark at 1 P.M. this day, and consequently the poor sepoy had scarcely time to eat their dinners, before they were again obliged to accoutre themselves and proceed to the Bunder, where boats were waiting to convey us on board the steamer "Semiramis."

I must not forget to mention, that just after we had halted, the governor, Sir Charles Napier, accompanied by his aide-de-camp, came riding down, called the officers around him and complimented the regiment in the highest terms, at the same time expressing his regret at losing us from his command.

About 12 o'clock all our baggage and men had been embarked, and we consequently bade farewell to Scinde, rejoiced to leave a country in which we have suffered

## *JOTTINGS FROM*

so much. The exposure to the sun and fatigue which I encountered previous to our embarking had made me so ill and tired, that on reaching the deck of the steamer I fell down perfectly exhausted, and remained very unwell during the whole time I was on board.

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### CHAPTER III.

#### LETTERS FROM SCINDE AND KATTYWAR.

1855.

*JANUARY* 21<sup>st</sup> (*Mahableshtar*). The climate is very delicious, and the whole place looks beautiful, covered all over with lovely evergreen trees and shrubs. A magnificent prospect of mountains and valleys bounds the horizon on one side. I was delighted to find a little garden also to our cottage, in which are beautiful damask and other roses, the sweet-scented heliotrope, mignonette, fuchsias, and other flowers growing most luxuriantly. When viewing everything around, we could not help exclaiming how happy we should be if permitted to dwell together for a season in this charming spot. The thought, however, that I must leave for Scinde within the next ten days is ever present and throws a melancholy over everything.

## JOTTINGS FROM

*APRIL 9th (Hydrabad, Scinde). (To his wife.)* Everything around is very uninteresting, there being nothing more attractive in natural scenery than an extensive, sandy, uncultivated plain, covered in some parts by a low milk bush and the borbul-tree, and here and there a small village or cluster of mud huts. On returning towards the camp, the fort looks well, and on one side in the distance, built on a long rocky ridge, are many handsome tombs of former Ameers of Scinde, but the camp itself has nothing to recommend it, being situated on a long barren plateau, where not even a blade of grass is to be found. The bungalows, all built of mud bricks, look very cheerless, but the barracks for the European soldiers are large substantial buildings.

*APRIL 26th.* The colonel forgot himself and behaved very badly to me on parade this morning. It was light infantry drill, and Ker was absent on a few days' leave at Kotree, and the consequence was some of the men and officers did not do so well as usual, and the colonel seemed to consider me responsible for every mistake, and got very angry, expressing himself very intemperately and unjustly before

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the men and officers against me, to my great disgust, though I am glad I did not lose my temper. He is quite a cypher on parade, and it seems his habit when things go wrong to fix upon someone, and relieve his mind of his pent-up wrath. As I had always thought him a mild old man, this surprised me not a little at first.

*MAY 23rd (Hydrabad).* A brutal act was committed by my ghorawala (groom) upon his wife at noon yesterday. I was disturbed at my writing by a great outcry in the compound, and on going to see what was the matter, I was quite sickened by the sight of the wretched woman standing with her nose cut clean off, and the blood streaming all over her. He quietly admitted he had done it with a razor, on account of her bad conduct. He has always treated her well, but on his child dying three weeks ago she turned against him, and has been giving a good deal of annoyance, running away to live with another man, and he has therefore punished her according to native ideas, in this savage manner. Of course I made him a prisoner immediately, and he will be tried by a court-martial, and get seven years' imprisonment with hard labour. The

## *JOTTINGS FROM*

woman I sent to hospital, and she will soon be healed I daresay. I pity the miserable man, as he was very fond of his family, and a good, affectionate father. He went to a good deal of expense in bringing them from Bombay. His wife had been with him two and a half years, yet, instead of comforting him, when his child died, she began to frequent the company of another man. The Bazaar Master in such cases cannot interfere, and therefore he has thus revenged himself.

*JUNE 9th.* Yesterday the sentence of the court-martial on my ghorawala was published, and he has been sentenced to three years' imprisonment with hard labour—a small amount of punishment, I think, for his brutal act. He does not seem to regret having mutilated the woman, and says that under a native government he would have been praised for the same.

*JUNE 16th (Hydrabad).* Everything goes round and round in the same monotonous circle, and I have become quite a creature of habit, so that I rise, walk, read, eat, write, etc., exactly at the same hour each day. The house is shut up at the same hour, the hot winds commence likewise most regularly, and

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the dust-storm is seldom five minutes behind its time. The punkah swings and screams overhead making a fit of drowsiness come over one at the usual hour, broken by the arrival of the same order-books, telling one of the usual parades to take place at the same hours, and to end the day the mess bugle sounds, and the dinner is exactly the same. Such is Hyderabad life, and if my mind was subject to the same law of habit, I should get ill with ennui.

1857.

*OCTOBER 21st (Poona).* Another vile conspiracy has been brought to light in Bombay during the last few days. Some sepoys of the 10th Regiment and Marine Battalion are implicated, and a havildar of the latter and a sepoy of the former corps have been blown away from guns, having been found guilty by a general court-martial. It is said in the papers that a deep-laid and extensive plot had been entered into by many of the townspeople and sepoys to revolt and seize the fort and murder all the Europeans. It is unaccountable infatuation that these



## *JOTTINGS FROM*

men should have contemplated such a wild scheme at the present time, for they must have known that Delhi had been recaptured and that troops were almost daily arriving from England.

It is another instance of the widespread discontent that prevails, and of hatred to the European, and shows how impossible it is to place any confidence in native truth and fidelity.

There are doubtless here and there exceptions, but, generally speaking, they value but little our mild and just rule. The education we give them only fills them with conceit and pride, and incites a seditious spirit instead of allaying it. The names of many natives holding high situations of trust and responsibility are almost daily appearing in the papers as traitors, who turned against the Government immediately the opportunity offered and led on the rebels. One villain actually hung the two judges of the station under whom he had been employed. It is a bitter lesson for the Government to learn, and I fear they will not read it aright, but it demonstrates most clearly that these educated heathen, whilst under the influence of caste, etc., cannot be



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trusted, and are not fit to take a part in the civil government of the country.

1859.

### SIEGES OF BEYT AND DWARKA.

*OCTOBER 3rd (at sea). (To his wife.)*

We have just passed Dwarka at the distance of about a mile and a half; the walls of the fort were distinctly visible through the telescope, but no people could be seen on them, only a few on the beach. We are now steaming on for Beyt, and shall arrive about 2 P.M.; too late, I think, for the troops to disembark. I expect the Waghurs will not stand, but make off as soon as our vessels come to anchor, if not before.

*OCTOBER 4th.* We are now off Beyt, expecting the order to disembark; we can see the fort distinctly with a large flag defiantly waving, so probably these poor creatures intend to resist. No order has come yet to disembark; boats are taking soundings. I suppose we shall go on shore this afternoon, but why so much delay, I don't know.

*OCTOBER 5th.* This morning finds us

## *JOTTINGS FROM*

still on board, and we do not land until to-morrow. I have been very busy getting the men ready. At 8.30 A.M. the steam frigates began to open fire on the fort. The sight is very pretty and exciting; the fire is not returned by the fort, at least not now, though they fired at first a few shots. The practice is very good; every shot almost falls into the Waghur Fort, and so I fancy they will not remain for us to assault. Glasspoole and Carr command our storming party, Briggs the supports, Willaume the ladder party; I remain with the reserve.

*OCTOBER 7th.* The resistance was obstinate; the attack was made about 4 P.M.; the escalading ladders proved too short, the breach was not practicable, and therefore the attack failed. Poor Willaume fell mortally wounded (he has died since); Grant shot through the mouth, and his jaw broken; Glasspoole shot through the thigh; fifteen of my regiment killed and wounded. Many bullets passed near me, but not one touched me. I am much pleased with the way the men behaved. The 28th Regiment lost an officer killed and forty-five men killed and wounded. This is a very great and sad loss,

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considering the attack failed. The enemy, however, evacuated the fort in the night, and it is now in our possession. It is a much stronger place than was thought, containing about forty cannon, barricades, and everything ready for an obstinate resistance. The Waghur chief was killed. We shall be four or five days here demolishing the fort, and then we go to Dwarka.

*OCTOBER 8th.* I am quite well, and have pitched my tent on shore, but have no table at present, so you must read this the best way you can. My regiment is to remain here till the fort is blown up, which will be in six or seven days' time. The Waghurs have all left the island, and I suppose will go to Dwarka and join the others. Things have been very badly managed here, and Colonel D. is not the man to command in my opinion. There was no breach made in the walls, but only three holes through which one man could go at a time; the ladders were too short to reach the top of the wall, so these three holes were the only places that could be reached, and of course this was impracticable while stones were being rolled down and a very heavy fire kept up. The steamers could not

## *JOTTINGS FROM*

reduce the height of the walls, one of which, facing the sea, is thirty feet wide. A breaching battery ought to have been landed, and a large breach made by which the men could have poured into the fort.

At Dwarka things will be better managed and four 68-pounders have been sent for to Bombay, and no doubt we shall all disembark and regularly besiege the place and effectually breach it.

The temples in the fort here are very rich, the doors all covered with silver and gold plate, and much looting went on yesterday chiefly by the soldiers of the 28th. I saw our men also knocking idols to pieces, tearing off the gold and silver plate. The priests are in despair, as these temples have all to be blown up, their walls being part of the fortifications. It is said that lots of treasure and jewels are concealed in them; prize-agents have been appointed, but all this, being private property, cannot be rightly claimed by the troops.

The soldiers of the 28th are, of course, brave fellows, but I never saw men less under command. They ran about, firing of their own accord, and thus lost many men without

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doing any good. I never saw a more disgraceful scene than yesterday when the soldiers, many of whom were drunk, were looting everything, shooting cows, and also some seven or eight wretched bunnias (shopkeepers). They found godowns containing hundreds of dozens of beer, brandy, etc., and before guards could be put over it, of course lots had been taken away.

I never saw such a place as the inside of the fort crammed with two and three-storied houses, turnings and windings, ins and outs, so as to form a regular maze. Two gateways were built up so that the attempt we made was most rash and could not succeed.

The vessels of the temples are of silver and gold, the idols are thickly studded with jewels and covered with gold chains. The godowns within the temples are full of corn, flour, etc. Below the foundations are deep tanks of the purest water only accessible by secret ways. One of these tanks has been dived into several times to-day and most beautiful ornaments and lotahs (small jars) of pure gold brought up. They had been tied up in cloth and thrown in for concealment.

## *JOTTINGS FROM*

The treasuries have not been yet discovered, but it is thought they will be. The soldiers of the 28th were seen afterwards selling large pieces of gold on board ship for a few rupees. I divided a small piece of gold worth sixteen rupees between my three servants. If Government allow all this to be "prize-money," everyone will have a large share, but this I myself do not covet in the least. This place has never been looted, but for perhaps two hundred years has been amassing wealth, being one of the holy shrines of Hinduism and largely resorted to by pilgrims. The wretched Brahmins are in great distress, having been told that their temples will be all blown up with the fort, and that unless they tell where the treasure is, they will not be allowed to take away their goods.

*OCTOBER 14th.* During the past six days we have remained encamped on the same spot having had all our tents, etc., brought on shore. Abundant supplies, etc., of grain for the men were found in the temple godowns, and these I have used on my own responsibility, none being procurable from the country itself, which is most desolate in appearance, covered with thick cactus

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bushes and with only a patch of cultivation here and there. The prize-agents have been very busy ransacking the temples of their valuable contents, having first allowed the priests to carry off their idols. All the gold and silver jewels, etc., have been placed in large chests and sealed up. It is supposed that at least three lacs worth have been found chiefly in the shape of women's ornaments and in gold and silver utensils, toys, etc., concealed in tanks within the temple walls. Some of the officers have behaved disgracefully (though I am happy to exempt our officers from the charge), and having obtained permission ostensibly to see the fort, have plundered on their own account and taken away large quantities of gold and jewels. One of the prize-agents was seen filling his pockets with gold ornaments and thus betraying his trust.

Our sepoy mount guard at the gate and in the fort and with such examples before their eyes, I shrewdly suspect, when the "sahib log" have retired, help themselves to their hearts' content and Beyt plunder will for many a long day be enjoyed and remembered by them.



## *JOTTINGS FROM*

On the 8th I was appointed president of a committee to decide whether the temples should be spared or destroyed with the defences, as the fort is to be blown up by order of Government. I examined the place with the engineers, and finding that the walls of the temple were loopholed and formed an inner wall to the fort, I had no hesitation in deciding that they should be destroyed, and I must add that I felt glad this necessity existed.

The priests if not actually in league with the Waghurs were friendly to them, and never gave any information to us before the action or to the Government, and richly deserve punishment. The engineers commenced mining the walls as soon as the committee's decision was known, and the bastions soon began, one by one to disappear, and have become a heap of rubbish. About 2 P.M. the large south bastion of the fort was blown up. I was looking in the direction at the time and saw the "heave up," and then it all crumbled down into one great heap of bricks and stone. It was from this bastion that much loss of life occurred, and I have been longing to see it utterly destroyed. The temples are, I hear,



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to be demolished to-morrow, and then the sappers who are doing the work will embark and we shall be off to Dwarka.

*OCTOBER 19th (Rupen Bunder).* We arrived off this place about a mile and a half north of Dwarka yesterday afternoon, and have since been waiting the arrival of the other steamers and transports. There is nothing to be seen on shore marking the presence of the enemy, and it is doubtful whether they will attempt to oppose our disembarkation. The "Firoz" steamer stood in close to Dwarka last evening, and fired three or four guns at the fort, but we learnt this morning it was a concerted signal for Colonel Scobie's force which is on the other side of the Runn, a distance of about fifteen miles, to let him know of our arrival that he may march to meet us and cover our landing. Several armed boats put off from the frigates at this time and made for the Bunder to reconnoitre, and as they neared the shore, some sharp firing took place from the old tower, but without effect. The sailors soon replied with interest, and used their three-pounders in rapid succession whilst the gunboat drew near and threw shot and shell. In a short time a

## *JOTTINGS FROM*

few Waghurs were seen making off, and the tars landed and took possession, meeting with no more resistance and securing for us a quiet disembarkation on the morrow.

*OCTOBER 20th.* Daylight found us astir, ready to disembark, and at 6 A.M. the gunboat "Clyde" and some native boats came alongside for us. I went in the former with the flank companies and proceeded to choose ground for the regiment on the left of the creek.

*OCTOBER 28th.* Our men have been daily much employed under the engineers in working in the batteries and making entrenchments, clearing away jungle, etc. There is hard work also in furnishing strong pickets. An officer goes on every night and they are generally fired at. I have moved my camp to a spot half-way between Colonel Scobie's and Donovan's, and we are now by ourselves and nearest to the town. There are two low hills just in our rear, and one of these is our daily resort where we sit with telescopes and watch the effect of the shells and shot as they fall within the walls of the fort. There is a group of cocoa-nut trees which is a great bugbear to our commanders, who hesitate to

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attack it, as it is supposed to be fortified and held strongly by the enemy.

There are now four batteries hard at work, and the unhappy Waghurs must be gaining an experience of shells such as they never thought or dreamt of. They certainly stand it very pluckily, and never forget to fire on our pickets in the evening. Their flag still waves defiance on the top of a tower near the temple, and we can see the shells falling into every part of the town, and searching the walls, out-works, etc. The battery which is most effective is the sandhill one which enfilades the east wall and breaches the south side. The sailors' Naval Brigade battery on the west keeps up a great noise, and is doing much mischief.

A night or two ago there was a great panic among the Jack Tars; the Waghurs were said to have surrounded them, and assistance was earnestly required. This was actually reported to Colonel Donovan by a midshipman, but it turned out to be an old tale; the sailors had drunk up in one day six days' grog, and had thus disorganised themselves and saw and imagined all kinds of dangers. One hundred of them from the steam frigates had been

## *JOTTINGS FROM*

brought on shore, and this was their first exploit.

*NOVEMBER 1st.* This morning the whole force is in a state of excitement, and the news flies from mouth to mouth that the Waghurs evacuated the fort during the night and made good their escape. I was half prepared to hear something of the kind, for again last night, about 11 P.M., just as the moon dipped, an alarm took place, and heavy firing and shouting were heard in the direction of the 28th Regiment. All doubt, however, was soon dispelled by Colonel Donovan riding into my camp, looking very wild, and confirming the news, and poor old Colonel Scobie also afterwards came, and on my speaking to him muttered anything but blessings on the heads of the Waghurs and rode away.

It seems that having been driven back on the night of the 30th by the sepoy sentries they determined to try the other end of the pickets, where the 28th were posted, and whilst their families were kept in the background, the fighting men crept quietly through the jungle until close to the sentries, and when observed cried out "We are sepoys," and then made a desperate rush, cut down three or four

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of the nearest sentries, and in passing to the rear fell unexpectedly on the main body of the picket. This was taken by surprise and unable to form up; consequently all was in confusion. There was a great deal of noise, shouting, firing, etc., but the enemy got away to the rear, and during the scrimmage the families also worked their way round and were not even seen. The inlying picket of the 28th, which ought to have been ready in a few minutes and gone to the support of the outlying picket, could not be turned out, as the staff officer himself told me, for nearly half an hour, and by this time, of course, it was useless, as the enemy were far away.

Only one body of a Waghur was found on the ground, but most likely others were wounded and carried off. After breakfast I rode into the fort with several officers, and first visited the great temple. The Brahmins were very obsequious, and showed their odious black idol in the shape of a male figure seated. For a Hindu temple it is imposing looking, built of sandstone, with a domed roof, and outside are steps which lead up to the top. We all soon found our way up these, and thus obtained a view of the town below us and of the country all around for many miles.

## *JOTTINGS FROM*

In the evening I rode round the fort and scrutinised more closely the skill the Waghurs had displayed in defending the suburbs, which was certainly considerable, and their largest battery on the west side would have done credit to an engineer officer. Whilst I was looking about a painful sight met my eyes on entering the court of a temple; a wretched faquir was lying dead, and close to him an old man had been shot and badly wounded, and another miserable wretch also was severely wounded and groaning in pain. This was the work of the sailors who had thus murdered these poor unarmed creatures in their mad frenzy. I had the wounded men taken to our hospital and their wounds dressed, but one at least will not, I think, recover.

*NOVEMBER 20th.* The destruction of the temples at Beyt has made all the Hindus in Bombay frantic, and they have memorialised Government about it. Lord Elphinstone is vexed that they should have been thus demolished, but has answered the natives properly, and told them they must take the consequences if they build their temples as part of the fortifications of a fort.

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## CHAPTER IV.

### THE ABYSSINIAN EXPEDITION.

1867.

*NOVEMBER 5th (Kumayli Pass).* I am sitting in a flannel shirt, with the thermometer at 1008, and as you may conceive am very wet with perspiration. It is quite interesting to see the camp, the moon shining brightly and immense fires all round, as we burn the large heaps of trees and bushes which are cut down and collected, and doubtless this is good from a sanitary point of view. Last night when I was awake I heard the roaring of lions very near, and this morning close to our tents there was a herd of about two hundred monkeys. A more perfectly wild spot you could scarcely imagine, but there is a charm about it to me.

The other morning a poor dirty Arab woman came up to D. and made signs that



### JOTTINGS FROM

she would sell him milk. She took hold of her breast and held it up for him to milk her! You may fancy how he felt, and on inquiry it is said to be a common thing here for the women to sell their milk, and I really believe that some of what is brought in for sale is woman's milk. This idea is not calculated to make one enjoy a cup of tea the more, but on active service we must take what we can get and ask no questions.

*DECEMBER 16th.* I was unpleasantly interrupted this morning by another of these wandering newspaper reporters riding up to the tent and asking my assistance, at the same time giving me to understand that he and his friend, another reporter, were very hungry. I ordered them breakfast at our mess, but excused myself from being present, for really it is a piece of effrontery these men coming without any introduction and forcing themselves upon one. They do it, too, in such a cool, offhand manner, as though they were almost conferring a favour instead of receiving one. I told the *Morning Post* that we could not help him in the way of supplies, as we had only enough for ourselves, so I hope he and his friend of the *Standard* will not expect to



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attend our mess, for, if they ask, the officers will not consent to have them.

1868.

*JANUARY 25th (Senafé).* This afternoon about five o'clock a report flew from mouth to mouth that Colonel Dunn, who commands the 33rd Regiment, had met with an accident while out shooting and been killed. He had only a dooli-bearer with him, and being tired, sat down to rest most imprudently, with his rifle, which must have been at full cock, leaning against his left breast. He called for his brandy flask and while holding it with his right hand, his left foot slipped off a stone, the rifle went off, and both barrels, one loaded with slugs and one with ball exploded, the charges passing through his chest and coming out at the shoulder-blade. The poor man told his servant to run to camp and report it, and he then laid down, and without anyone near him, died, doubtless in a few minutes as the wound was such a terrible one. He was only thirty-two years of age, having had rapid promotion ; was a tall, handsome man, and had obtained

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the V.C. for his bravery in the Crimea, and after having safely passed through many perils is thus suddenly cut off with no one near with whom he could leave a last message for his friends.

*JANUARY 27th.* I have read, to-day, letters from Mr. Rassam and Mr. Flad\* of December 31st, and the news is very encouraging; also one from Captain Cameron. All were well, and Theodore's force was daily decreasing by desertion. He cannot get to Magdala for a long time it is said, as the people of the districts between that and Wadela, where the King now is, are in arms against him. He sent a proclamation to them offering pardon, if they returned to their allegiance, but they refused, telling him "to come and do his worst."

Captain Cameron suggests a route to bring us between Magdala and the King, and I trust we shall be in time to prevent his getting to Magdala. Mr. Flad says that he is mad, that "he generally after a march stands on a hillock, calls his soldiers round him, and tells them to come and kill him, for he knows

\* Two of King Theodore's captives, to release whom the Expedition had been undertaken.

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they hate him, adding that if they don't kill him, he will kill them one by one. The wretch then hurls his spear through one of his soldiers, and the rest fall down and kiss the ground."

Certainly we could not be embarked in a more humane enterprise than in the attempt to save our people from their cruel captivity, and I think, when we arrive, that the King's soldiers will all desert him.

*FEBRUARY 5th (Attegrat).* I took a ride last evening and went to the town at the back of which a fair was being held. It was an interesting sight to watch the people, many of whom had come from a distance. They crowded round me, examining everything, and my bridle, holsters, and saddle excited much admiration. Many of the men were tall and well-made. The women are better clothed than the men and many wear a gown of coarse cloth, and excessively dirty, reaching from the neck to the ankle. Many of them are good looking, their hair is plastered with ghee, and plaited close to the head. All the people except the priests go bareheaded, but a few of the most respectable carry little round umbrellas made of reed.

## *JOTTINGS FROM*

I came upon a group selling barley to a cavalry havildar, a priest being present, measuring out the grain at about six pounds per rupee. The sowar said to me of his own accord, "These Christians are very honest people" ("sachcha log"), and he added that he was obliged to show them his Brahminical cord, and declare himself to be a Christian, before they would deal with him, a very different testimony against himself. All the men wear a blue silk cord round the neck as a badge of their being Christians, and the havildar used his cord to impose upon them.

*MARCH 14th.* One of the natives of the place because the grass he brought into camp was not purchased, went and set fire, out of spite, to the grass in the jungle, in order to deprive us of it. He was seen doing it, and caught explaining to a crowd of Abyssinians what he had done. I ordered two dozen lashes to be inflicted on him, and his countrymen seemed quite to approve of the punishment.

*MARCH 22nd.* Some information has been received from the captives at Magdala that Theodore will run away and carry the

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prisoners with him unless we arrive in a very few days. This news has caused Sir Robert Napier to make a complete change in the disposition of the troops. The Pioneer Force is to be divided and join the different brigades of the first division. The third brigade, which I am to command, will have the battery of Armstrong guns, and I am to make the road practicable for elephants and to bring up the guns as fast as possible.

The two first brigades are to go on without baggage, each soldier carrying only a blanket and waterproof sheet. Twelve officers are to live in one bell-tent. We are now only about sixty-five miles from Magdala, and Sir Robert will try to get there by the 29th, in time to prevent King Theodore getting away with the prisoners.

*MARCH 26th.* I find it very difficult now to satisfy my hunger, for I often turn away in disgust from the dirty, nasty cooking of my sepoy servant. We are indeed roughing it, and my chief support now is the hard ship biscuit and honey. The march has been a difficult one, some of the ascents and descents having been very steep. The encamping grounds are bad, and for the

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most part on ploughed fields. Grass is scarce everywhere, but water plentiful.

*MARCH 28th.* I was sorry to hear that the Head Quarter Wing, 33rd, had been severely rebuked by Sir Robert for grumbling at certain privations and hardships. Their commanding officer has been placed in arrest for refusing to retract some intemperate words which he addressed to Colonel Thesiger after the parade. It is quite true that the soldiers of the 33rd have not evinced a willing spirit at road-making, and are in the habit of abusing the country and everything as they march through it. Sir Robert said he would not have grumblers with him, and he has ordered the regiment to leave the First Brigade where his camp is, and to be sent to the Second Brigade. The disgrace is great and I feel sorry the Commander-in-Chief did not think a simple rebuke sufficient.

*MARCH 30th.* We marched at 6.30 A.M. fifteen miles, and had to cross a mountain 10,600 feet high. It was a difficult but most charming ride all the way to the summit. The road lay along the side of hills winding and rising, sometimes on one side, sometimes on the other. For several miles a single false



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step would have precipitated horse and rider down a precipice, and the path was not two feet wide. The scenery on every side was beautiful, villages on the spurs and on the tops of hills, green cornfields almost to the summit of the highest mountains; deep ravines here and there with the silvery water line glistening in the sun, and as one looked back, the troops marching in and out of the hills, with the long line of mules ascending and descending the slopes, added to the romantic beauty of the scene.

*APRIL 1st.* We had a trying march yesterday although only ten miles long. Half of this distance was up a mountain about 2,500 feet above the level of the plain, a most difficult ascent by a narrow path along the side of precipices. The poor mules broke down and the elephants were very knocked up, and we suffered by not getting our tents and kit up for five or six hours after our own arrival. All this time, not having a friend in Sir C. Staveley's camp, I had to sit about in the open with a bitter piercing cold east wind blowing which chilled me to the marrow.

We all suffer greatly, especially the men, from having no wood to cook with. There is



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also no grass for horses and mules. We buy at exorbitant rates a little grass and wood from the natives, and the sepoys pick up dung and try to cook. We have also had to leave all our kit behind.

*APRIL 4th.* Many different reports are flying about regarding Theodore, but it is a fact that he has taken the chains off the captives. It is said that he has taken up a strong position outside Magdala, and will oppose us. It is impossible to say what his intentions are, but it appears to me that he will wish to enter into terms with us regarding the surrender of the prisoners. But I imagine that nothing but an unconditional surrender of them will avert hostilities; and as he is unlikely thus to yield, it is most probable that we shall have to take Magdala.

*APRIL 6th.* My regiment was told off to accompany the guns and elephants on the march this morning, and owing to the road not having been made passable the brigade did not commence to march until 10 o'clock. The baggage had also all to go off before the guns, consequently the latter did not start till about 12 o'clock. Our progress up the mountain was very slow indeed, the elephants

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being tired and the ascent very steep At first they had been harnessed to draw the guns on carriages, but it was soon found that this would not do, and the guns and the carriages had to be loaded on the elephants which caused several hours delay. It was weary working, climbing up the mountain, stopping for the elephants every quarter of an hour, as they did not travel at the rate of a mile an hour.

It was 6 P.M. when I with the first party of my regiment had nearly reached the top of the mountain, and it then suddenly began to thunder and rain heavily, and continued to do so for half an hour, leaving me drenched from the waist to the feet. It was piercingly cold, a keen east wind blowing, and the sepoy's were soon the pictures of misery. On arriving at the summit I had to wait there till 8 o'clock exposed to the cold searching wind until the next party arrived at the top, and I then marched for the brigade camp. A vidette directed us to the headquarter camp, but on arriving, I was told that Sir C. Staveley's camp was nearly three miles off, so I had again to pursue my weary way over wet ploughed fields and broken ground, and did not reach the place until 10 P.M. I seldom have felt

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more wretched, faint, and tired than I did. I think it has been the most fatiguing, distressing march that we have encountered in Abyssinia, and some of the elephants with the rear-guard did not come in until 9 A.M. of the 7th.

*APRIL 7th.* We are encamped on the extensive undulating D'Alanta Plain. I was field officer of the day and had to plant picquets and go round to them twice during the night and at sunset, each tour taking two hours, as they are placed at long distances in front and on the flanks of camp. The night was fine with moonlight but very cold. The fort of Magdala and the King's camp are distinctly visible from the edge of the plateau overlooking the Bashilo River.

*APRIL 10th.* The first brigade marched at daylight with Sir C. Staveley to reconnoitre close to Magdala, and at 10 A.M. the second brigade also descended from the D'Alanta Plain by a good road to the River Bashilo, which owing to late rain is now a strong muddy stream. It was a very difficult and tedious descent owing to the steepness in parts which delayed the guns and mules; the sun too was very powerful. About 2 P.M. we had crossed the river, and lay about, waiting for

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our tents and kit to arrive. Whilst thus passing the weary hours we heard heavy firing in the front, showing that the first brigade had been met by the enemy, and orders came for us to be ready to start at a moment's notice if required. About 6 P.M. the firing ceased, and a report came that the enemy had come out of the fort and attacked the baggage and been defeated with a loss of three hundred men, Penn's battery of steel guns having done great execution among them.

*APRIL 11th.* This night march was indeed a trying one, as we could not get on faster than a mile an hour, owing to the slow pace of the elephants and the steep ascent. I kept falling asleep on my horse and now and then, when we halted, laid my head on a stone and dropped off to sleep. At 6 A.M. we reached the troops of our brigade who were all holding a position in front of Magdala, resting by their arms.

The engagement yesterday was a brilliant one. King Theodore had ascertained that we had only ten or twelve thousand men in our force, and he sneered at this, boasting that he would teach us a lesson. He saw one of the steel batteries on mules and

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thought the ammunition boxes were full of treasure, and as there were but few soldiers visible that he would get lots of loot easily. He said to his soldiers, "The English always fire by volleys, so wait until they have fired, and then, while they are loading, rush in and kill them." They intended doing so, but were astonished to find there was no loading, the soldiers having got the Schneider rifle. Theodore's best general led the way and boldly attacked, but to their surprise the battery quickly opened fire and the unhappy soldiers of the King fell in hundreds. Fifteen hundred were killed and wounded, and most were the King's best soldiers.

We all expected the order to advance and attack Magdala, but about 9 P.M. news arrived from the Headquarter Camp that the King had sent in two of the captives, Lieutenant Prideaux and Mr. Flad, with a flag of truce to make terms or rather to know what Sir Robert would consent to. The latter sent back word that unconditional surrender of the captives and fort was the only condition on which he would abstain from attacking the place, and all day we lay about under arms without tents, and

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almost without food, waiting for the King's decision. The sun was very hot and we sought shelter under bushes but could only get it in a very partial degree.

*APRIL 12th.* Last night just as I was about to lie down in my cloak to sleep on the ground, the news came that all the captives had been sent by the King into the Headquarter Camp. Only two days ago he had killed in cold blood in the sight of the European captives three hundred Abyssinian prisoners. The former were every moment expecting to be killed as the King was in a ~~great~~ rage at being called upon to give up everything unconditionally. As he passed by the captives who were tremblingly expecting to hear the order for their execution, he suddenly, under some impulse, turned, and ordered them to be off out of the fort. They obeyed very quickly and went off, leaving all their little property behind them.

Although it is said that he sent word with them that he would not give up the fort, yet I think this will follow without our having to take it by force as I believe his soldiers will not stand by him any more.



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*APRIL 14th.* Yesterday we advanced on the hills which command Magdala at 10 A.M. and met with no resistance, the King's soldiers having refused to fight excepting a few who had shut themselves up in Magdala with the King. I suppose twenty thousand people, including women, were present on Islamgee, the hill where the King's camp was pitched. A wail rose from the multitude as our troops took possession and disarmed the thousands of men. It was an extraordinary sight afterwards to see this multitude leaving the hill with their property, wailing as they went, their homes broken up, and they going forth most likely to be made slaves of, and robbed by the Gallas who will meet them.

About 3 P.M. the guns, mortars, and rocket battery opened on the fort gate and shelled the fort. I stood on a hill within range, a few hundred yards off, and witnessed the whole, my regiment being in position close by. The storming commenced and only a feeble resistance was offered by the garrison. The 33rd forced their way through both gates and carried the fort. It turned out afterwards that the King had only with him



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nineteen men fighting, seven of whom were chiefs. All the enemy were killed, except two or three, and the King's body was found lying on the road near the second gate. He had shot himself by placing the muzzle of a pistol in his mouth, the ball passing through his head.

*APRIL 14th.* I witnessed a most interesting scene in the fort this morning. I happened to meet Mr. Rassam, and he told me he was about to have the chains struck off the King's state prisoners, about ninety of whom consisted of the most influential chiefs of the court. I therefore went with him, and the sight was a very touching one. They crowded round Mr. Rassam, kissing his hand and bowing down to his feet. Some laughed for joy, and others wept; they embraced and kissed each other, and with countenances beaming with delight, hailed their unexpected deliverance.

The cruel tyrant had murdered in cold blood three hundred of his prisoners two or three days before his death, and their mutilated remains are now to be seen at the bottom of a precipitous rock down which they were thrown. I saw the King's body, and there was nothing

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striking in his appearance. He was about the middle height, about fifty years old, and had a sensual face. A priest was laying him out on a cot, and he was buried yesterday in the fort. Dr. Le Blanc, one of the captives, told me of many of the cruelties the King was in the habit of practising. He used to cram a house full of living men, heap them up upon each other, and then set fire to it and burn them all. On one occasion he collected all the chiefs of a province which had displeased him, and mockingly said he would judge if they were good men or not; and if they were, God, he said, would deliver them. He then shut them all up for several days without food or water, and left the poor creatures to die slowly of starvation. He frequently burnt women alive, and did not spare even children.

I saw his queen and other wives, having gone into one of the captive's houses, where they had been placed for security, without knowing they were there. They were but little superior-looking to the common women, and were dressed in coarse cloth gowns. The whole place is miserably poor, the houses thatched and circular, and there is no sign of wealth whatever.

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*APRIL 16th (Magdala Fort).* We went up into the fort at 4 P.M., and whilst sitting on the ground felt anything but cheerful, as we were in the midst of stench from dead animals, etc., lying in every direction on the ground near which we had to encamp. Besides this, we have no tents, and we have been without them now for five days and nights, exposed to rain and cold. A prize committee has been appointed, but the only property collected is a large number of silver and brass crosses, which Theodore took from the churches of Gondar, which he destroyed.

The natives left a great number of small grass huts, just large enough for a man to lie down in. These both men and officers lifted up and carried to our ground as we had no tents, and pitched them again to protect themselves from the cold east wind, but whilst we thus found some shelter, we brought down upon ourselves a pest of fleas, and our rest at night was greatly disturbed by them. I also had an experience of this nature which I shall never forget. I walked out in the evening, and out of curiosity went into a few of the best native houses to observe their mode of living, etc. After I had thus

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visited some houses I happened to look down, when to my horror I found all my clothes from feet to neck literally swarming with enormous fleas. I tore off coat and waistcoat frantically and threw them on the ground, and although I spent more than an hour in trying to free myself from the creatures I could not effectually get rid of them. Of all people that I have met I think these Abyssinians are the dirtiest, and it is quite a strange sight to see any native with a clean garment on.

*APRIL 17th.* To-day we began to evacuate the fort; all the troops descended to the tongue of land which joins the fort and Islamgee Hill, and the work of destruction then commenced. All the houses in the fort, including the palace and arsenal, were set fire to, with the exception of the church, and soon the flames of Magdala with the smoke rose up as a witness to the whole country round, that punishment had at last overtaken the cruel tyrant of Abyssinia.

I turned round just as I was leaving the hill, and waited to see the gate blown up, and then thankfully for ever left this filthy, pestiferous place.

*APRIL 20th.* We had a large review parade

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of the whole division at 10 A.M., and the released captives were all present. It was a grand and imposing sight. The troops marched past and then formed four sides of a square, Sir Robert Napier and his staff, and all the captives being in the centre. He then gave a short address praising and thanking the force, and called upon the adjutant-general to read out a general order to the army. It was very laudatory and to the point, dwelling on the difficulties overcome, the gallantry and patient endurance of privations by the troops, ending by saying, "The remembrance of privations will soon pass away, but our deeds live in history." We then re-formed line, when a royal salute was fired, and three cheers given for her Majesty, Sir Robert himself leading them.

*MAY 29th (Kumayli Pass).* At 5 A.M. we fell in and marched two miles to the railway, and after waiting for the train from Zoulla for an hour, got into the carriages and started for the coast, the band playing and men cheering. Our progress was very slow, about ten miles an hour, and as we passed the different small encampments of workmen, they all turned out and cheered us. We were almost in rags and



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dirty and weather-beaten, after our hard work and severe marching. In one or two places an arch had been erected over the line, with the word "Welcome" on it. On arriving at the pier, we found lighters ready, so the men and our horses with all the baggage went at once on board, and by 8 o'clock were alongside the steamer "American."

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### CHAPTER V.

#### LETTERS FROM INDIA.

*OCTOBER 2nd, 1850 (Baroda).* I have never known anything to equal the present season, and am truly thankful you did not accompany me. It is most dreadfully moist and steamy, and I am in a bath all day, although I may be doing nothing. Even now, while I am writing, my shirt-sleeves and flannel vest are as wet as though they had been dipped in water, and the heat continues all the first part of the night.

The other evening, at mess, a tale, "The Celestial Railroad," was alluded to, and I was asked what was the nature of the book. I said it was to expose the error of those who thought they could get to heaven by an easy way and enjoy the world also, and I alluded to all at mess as on their way to heaven in this manner. The silence which followed my



## JOTTINGS FROM

remark was amusing, and the subject at once dropped.

*DECEMBER 1st (Sunday).* I felt tempted this morning not to preach to my mendicant congregation as usual, considering that there were many lookers-on and they would think it so foolish, and besides I had done so frequently without any good result. These and other thoughts entered my mind, but the Lord gave me strength to resist the temptation, and enabled me to become a fool in again preaching to them Jesus Christ as the Son of God and God and the only Saviour. About ninety were present, and "that Day" will reveal, I trust, that through my stammering lips it has pleased God to own the doctrine and make it a word of life to some of their souls.

*DECEMBER 8th (Sunday).* It is very lonely not to have from one week's end to another a single individual or friend who cares for you, and with whom you can converse. I sit alone in my house all day, and though I am fond of meditation, yet I likewise am a sociable being, and miss extremely a friend who could enter into my feelings. It is true I go to mess, but you know what society that

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is, and I am obliged to be on the watch that I may not in any way give those who watch me cause to call me inconsistent. God has never before placed me in a situation so entirely secluded from all Christian society. What makes me still more sad is that no one of those to whom I have spoken seems in the least interested in religion, and all shun me.

SCINDE.

*FEBRUARY 21st, 1855 (Gharra, forty-two miles from Karachi).* I am sitting in the Travellers' Bungalow at this place after breakfast, feeling very lonely and struggling against melancholy, which until I knelt down to pray a short time ago well-nigh overcame me. I have sent on my camel-load of things and horse to Tatta, and am waiting here during the heat of the day, intending to follow this afternoon and ride in to Tatta, a distance of twenty-one miles. The bungalow is good and clean, but the messman the filthiest old Portuguese I have seen for a long time, and I can in consequence with difficulty stomach anything he produces at meals.

I left Karachi yesterday at 2.30 P.M., riding

## *JOTTINGS FROM*

Dak ponies, as my own horse's leg was not sufficiently recovered to use him without risk. Fresh ponies were in readiness every six miles, and capital ones to go they all were, not requiring the whip, but starting at full gallop and not stopping until they reached the end of their stage. You can fancy at what a rate I went, tearing over the ground up and down hill as though I was riding for my life, when you hear that I reached this place, forty-two miles from Karachi, in three hours and a half, including stoppages at seven places to change ponies. I daresay you will scold when you read this, but the fact is these ponies have been trained to go at this speed with the daily post to Hyderabad, and I think it is quite as safe, and even more so, to let them go as they are accustomed to do than to try to make them run at a less rate. The paces of some were rough in the extreme, and I was terribly shaken, but don't feel so stiff and bruised this morning as I expected.

The country I passed over yesterday was in many parts quite familiar to me, and I recognised one spot in particular where (when, fifteen years ago, I was en route to join the regiment at Sukkur), I recollect perfectly as

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a cadet going partridge shooting with Hodgkinson. What a variety of scenes I have passed through since then, and what an altered being I am through the great mercy of God. Truly I have abundant cause to praise and bless His name, and to rely with unshaken confidence in Him for the future. The last time I was at this place—Gharra—it was a station for a regiment, and now it is quite deserted, with nothing but the walls of the bungalows of the officers standing, the roofs having been taken off or fallen in. It was here that I met Colonel Jacob, who from what he saw of me then, afterwards told Mrs. R., on her telling him of my conversion, that I was almost the last person he should have thought would have been led to Christ. What a lesson this is to hope even for the worst of men!

*MARCH 30th (Hydrabad).* I had the pleasure of meeting Mr. Frere\* at dinner last evening. He looks remarkably well, and in manner just as meek and gentle as when at Satara. He seemed pleased to meet me, and after dinner asked me to sit by him and began

\* Afterwards Sir Bartle Frere, then Commissioner of Scinde.

## *JOTTINGS FROM*

to converse about missionary work in Scinde, the state of the people, etc., which in many parts of the interior he considers very promising for the reception of the gospel, as they are so free from prejudices and hold such a high opinion of the European character. He spoke well of the missionaries at Karachi, but said he thought they devoted too much of their time and attention to the young to the neglect of the adults.

*APRIL 16th, Sunday.* I walked home from church with Havelock and had a very interesting conversation with him, and spoke as plainly to him as I would have done to my own brother. He seemed much touched by the interest I expressed in him, and on parting, caught my hand and shook it warmly, thanking me for what I said. The way he got that infidel book\* is very striking, and conveys a lesson to a Christian. He was at the time staying with a very pious man, an officer of the 10th Hussars in Poona, who one day showed him the book, saying he had bought it from a pedlar to destroy it so that it might not fall into anyone's hands. As

\* Lieut. Havelock had at this time been led to adopt deistic views from reading the book in question.



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he was going off with his regiment he gave Havelock some books, and among them this one, telling him he could tear it up for waste paper. Havelock, out of curiosity, looked into it, read a little, was interested, sucked in the poison, and lost his faith. How pained this officer will be if ever he hears of the mischief this book has caused owing to his having given it to Havelock instead of destroying it at once. I have much hope for poor Havelock, he is very unhappy, and not hardened in unbelief. I warned him not to express his doubts to the other officers, pointing out what an additional misery it would be to him, should God bring him back to Christ, to reflect that he has been a stumbling-block to others.

*AUGUST 9th.* Last evening I went to a village and a considerable crowd collected. The Qazi of the place came to shut the mouth of the audacious Feringhee who dared to doubt the truth of their religion. I dismounted, and we sat in a kind of shed open to the front, and with so many standing round I found it very close and oppressive. The great point of difference in the first part of the argument between the Qazi and myself was

## *JOTTINGS FROM*

that he attributed merit to repentance and good works, so as to obtain mercy from God, and I insisted upon the imperfection and sinfulness of our best actions in His sight, and the consequent need of a Saviour who was Christ the Son of God and Lord of all. Some standing round agreed with my sentiments regarding sin and good works, and seemed greatly surprised to hear of a sacrifice for sin, but the doctrine of Jesus Christ is foolishness to them.

It was most interesting to witness their attention, though the many questions put to me all at once by different individuals were at times quite bewildering. I was kept perfectly calm and enabled to reply to them all. The old Qazi in his warmth caught hold of my hand almost affectionately and kept it between both of his, pressing it for some time while arguing. The Hindus also stood round about listening, and I frequently addressed myself to them, and have promised to go back again. They were curious to know who I was, but I would not tell them, simply saying that I was a stranger.



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DWARKA, 1860.

*FEBRUARY 2nd.* I am thinking of good old Jacob when he exclaimed: "All these things are against me," for really this morning, though my cares are not so weighty, my circumstances are very trying. The wind and dust are excessively disagreeable, and it is difficult to write. My quarter-master has sent in several months' indents all wrong; a return has come back from the adjutant-general's office to be corrected; my eye has been distressing me a good deal all the morning; the direct Dâk (post) to Rajcote has been taken off by Mr. Forbes, and now our letters in going and coming will be three days longer on the road.

1861.

*MARCH 7th (Malegaum).* (*After his wife's departure for England.*) Try and picture me to yourself sitting at the round table, everything just as you left it, having sent away the tea-things and sitting down to write a little before going to bed. The splendid charger which was to be such a

## *JOTTINGS FROM*

bargain at last appeared, and one glance was enough. Such a raw-boned, narrow-chested, ill-made, rat-tailed beast I had not set eyes on before for a long time, and I also quickly discovered he was unsound in one foreleg, and could not bear pressure without pain. The little owner came to show him off, and was greatly disconcerted when I said he was not sound. I am afraid he is a bit of a knave and thought he had got hold of a greenhorn, for really the animal had not one thing to recommend it.

I can't describe all I felt on entering these rooms, but I was more of a baby than I can remember to have been for a long time, and I could scarcely have believed there was so much sentiment in a scrap of dress, a shoe, etc., lying about. The sepoys had not touched a thing, but all was exactly as when you got up and left the room. The dear children's toys, books, etc., were really too much for me, and even now I have not got the better of the feeling and had not the courage to go to mess.

*MARCH 22nd.* My fortieth birthday; but it is with difficulty I can realise that the larger portion of my earthly life has passed

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away like a shadow, and truly I should have to record that all had been vanity and vexation of spirit, if the God of all grace had not called me by His Spirit to believe in Jesus, and made me an heir of eternal life. Now I can stand and watch the departure of each year without a sigh, for it brings the full redemption nigher. All day it has been painfully lonely, and I have greatly missed the affectionate greetings of my dear wife and children.

*JUNE 10th (on receiving news of his child's death).* I have just risen from my knees, having thus sought to give up my precious baby to my Saviour God Who has seen fit to take him to His bosom from us so unexpectedly. It is a great sorrow to me, and my eyes are dimmed with tears, for I had so fondly looked for the sweet child as a balm after last year's suffering, and to be a comfort to you in your loneliness, and I was at the time so eagerly waiting for the post, little thinking of the painful shock in store for me. I think I can resign this dear child ~~also~~ to the Lord's will without a complaining thought, for I know it is in the fulness of His love that He deals with us.

## *JOTTINGS FROM*

*JUNE 22nd.* I should be so thankful if the way was opened for me to leave the army. I strive to do my duty zealously and have succeeded always in obtaining a good report from superior officers. Still the army is uncongenial and field service hateful. With the mind I possess towards my fellow-creatures it cannot be otherwise, and the sooner, therefore, that I put off the red coat the better; but I must have reason to feel that in the providence of God, His hand is guiding me and opening the way.

*AUGUST 26th.* I am tasting a little of the angels' joy this morning, for I have been enjoying a most unusually happy frame of mind, almost causing me to burst out with praise, and the cause of it is that God is, I humbly hope, using me as His instrument to lead B., whose salvation I have desired for many years, to His feet. We passed a profitable hour over the Bible from 9 to 10, and I can at times scarcely believe my eyes when I look at him, and see how anxious he is to understand the truth, and how pleased to hear me explain it. Such cases wonderfully revive my soul, and nothing outside my own family could give me greater joy. I had sent

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up two little narratives of the conversion and death of a ragged school-boy. I went after mess in the evening to read with them, and when he was out of the room, she told me that he was in the midst of reading one of the little books, when he came to a certain part and stopped. He could not go on, but made a rush to his bedroom, and there burst into uncontrollable weeping, and kept exclaiming, "It is almost too late," "It is almost too late." He was overwhelmed with the sense of his own sins, and she could not for a long time comfort him, but at last, on her reading the scriptures to him, he became calm.

*SEPTEMBER 11th.* How very much I want you to-day to sympathize and take counsel with me. My hand shakes so from nervous excitement that I can with difficulty write. A bad night also adds to it. I have been greatly distressed and vexed by a letter from Mr. Davidson, threatening to appeal to the commander-in-chief against me if I do not allow the baker to make the old sour bread for him and others. Of course I refuse to do anything of the kind, and have written an official reply, saying I consider his thus writing as an act of discourtesy, and an unwarrantable



## *JOTTINGS FROM*

interference with my authority, and that I shall lay the matter before the general. I have been personally trying, by baking bread in my own house, to find out the cause of its sourness, and I have detected the cause in the excess of toddy and salt put in. Less, therefore, has been used, and the bread has been sweet and good, but a little close, and D. has taken occasion to give vent to his spleen by saying the bread now is not eatable. On my refusing to let the bread be made sour as before, he has written as above stated. Many ladies have written to me thanking me for the trouble I have taken, and for the improvement in the bread, but D. has a party with him, and insists upon having the old kind of bread. He is so entirely in the wrong that I have not the least doubt regarding the result being all in my favour ; but it causes me much annoyance and a great deal of correspondence. The whole society is excited ; the quiet folk all with me, the gay people mostly with D. I hope I am acting in a Christian spirit, and at the same time upholding my position as commanding officer.

*SEPTEMBER 13th.* All day yesterday I was engaged with this business of D., and

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had to sit up late at night to write an official in readiness to forward this morning. The verse, "How great a matter a little fire kindleth," is verified to the letter, and all the correspondence went yesterday to the general, and another packet goes in to-day. D. wanted to withdraw part of the offensive letter, but refused to withdraw the whole and apologize. He is so manifestly in the wrong that I almost pity him for the consequences that may happen to him, though in one sense he does not deserve pity, as he has acted from spite, and mistook Christian forbearance and courtesy for pusillanimity on my part. He has found out his mistake when too late.

*SEPTEMBER 21st.* Yesterday the general's reply came to the correspondence I sent in against D., and you will be glad to hear he writes, "he is quite satisfied with the propriety of all my proceedings in the matter at issue," and that "if Mr. D. does appeal to the Chief, he will forward to His Excellency all the correspondence." I do not believe he will refer to the chief, and so the matter will rest. My "old Adam" says that censure should have been expressed on the interference of Mr. D. with my authority.



## JOTTINGS FROM

*SEPTEMBER 22nd.* After mess last evening I went to the T.'s, and I cannot doubt but that the Holy Spirit is working within them. I was talking on the second chapter of Ephesians, and saying that the clearest views of God's free salvation by grace would be of no avail without the *quickenings* of the Spirit. She interrupted me with a look there was no mistaking—it expressed such a craving for salvation—and said, "How is one to get this?" On my telling her to fall down as a poor lost sinner at Jesus' feet and pray for it, her heart was touched, and she was obliged to turn away to conceal her emotion.

DHOOLIA, 1862.

*JANUARY 18th.* You will be surprised, knowing my old bad ways, to hear that I have not once, to the best of my memory, since February, been out of temper with the servants in my old fashion. Perhaps one reason of this is, that I am more indifferent about things now than I used to be when your comfort depended upon them, but still, I think that through God's grace I have, in measure, overcome that sin and habit of im-

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patience which has always been such a cross to me.

*FEBRUARY 16th.* I find the bustle and so much talk caused by friends living with me is a trial and temptation, but I try to keep my usual seasons of retirement, and the Lord has not let it rob me of peace. I so dread losing the light of His countenance, the sense of His love, and the feeling of love to Him. I entirely differ from those who think the Christian must lose this at times, believing as I do that he may always enjoy it, if prayerful. Jesus agonized in the garden and on the cross under the hiding of His Father's face that we might always have peace and rejoice, and with His help I will always rejoice and give thanks.

C. says he has now no peace, and the reason or one I can see is, that he does not read and meditate in the word of God as a habit. He says he always feels it a task to do so. I trust what I see in him may be a warning to me never to give up much private prayer, etc.

*MARCH 17th.* The abominable Holi festival is now taking place, and the noise of tom-toms, etc., is deafening, and as there is a

## *JOTTINGS FROM*

village close by, it is a nuisance. Last year B. went down with other officers to see it, but this year he stays away feeling the inconsistency of such conduct, and the men of the regiment will be puzzled to account for this change of mind, and will, I am afraid, attribute it to his living with me instead of to the right cause—his conversion.

*APRIL 14th.* I am sitting in this big house without a sound or sign of life around me, except a sparrow seeking a place to build in. Yet, I do not feel alone, for the Lord gives me both joy and peace, and a multitude of thoughts within delight my soul. I yearn to have you and my bairns with me to pray and talk with, but in your absence it is a great mercy that my otherwise painful solitude is so relieved by His dear presence, and at times a feeling of exultation and triumph fills my spirit and finds relief in praise.

*MAY 1st.* This is the last day in Dhoolia for a long time. God has graciously opened the way for me to go to England, and my leave for six months has been granted. I am rejoicing with trembling at the happy prospect of meeting my beloved family again.

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I go forth now humbly trusting to my Father to guide my steps and to preserve me from the pestilence, for cholera is prevalent in the districts. The weather during the last fortnight has been very hot,  $94^{\circ}$  in the house shut up, and I am thankful to get away,

### ENGLAND.

*JUNE 7th (Reading).* The morning was a lovely one and I rose at 6 and went out for a ramble. All nature was rejoicing after the late rain, the birds singing on all sides, and my heart was full and spirits high as I walked amidst the lovely scene, and realised God's goodness in bringing me once again to my native land. About 10 I took my seat for the last part of my journey to Bristol, and was soon off at fifty miles the hour, but even this seemed slow to me. I sat outside an omnibus for my drive to Clifton, and tried to be outwardly calm, but the coachman by whose side I sat found me a dull companion, and I thought we should never reach the top of the steep hill of Park Street. At last, about 1.30 P.M., we stopped at 15, Richmond Terrace, and my sweet

## *JOTTINGS FROM*

children met me as soon as I was inside the door.

*OCTOBER 17th.* The morning of the 17th dawned at last, and nature out of doors seemed to sympathize with our heart-breaking feelings, for all was damp and windy and miserable. The dear boys felt the influence of our sadness and were quiet and dull, and thus the hours sped on and half-past one came. The cab came to the door to take me to the railway station, and I was obliged to tear myself away and go forth once more alone.

### *DHOOLIA.*

*NOVEMBER 17th.* On going to my bungalow and entering the cold solitary cheerless rooms, my heart which had been brave till then, gave way, and for a time I felt deserted and miserable. Everything seemed to mock me, as memory brought back all the happy anticipations I had had of meeting my dear wife and children when last I looked upon all things. A painful sense of lost happiness came over me, and I hurried to the upstairs room and there fell on my knees and unburthened my heart to my gracious God and

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Saviour Friend and He strengthened me, though throughout that day and the next the dreary sense of loneliness oppressed me sorely.

*DECEMBER 11th.* Yesterday, when at orderly room about 8.30 A.M., the post brought me a letter from Colonel Stock, the Adjutant-General, which I opened at once. It certainly cost me a strong effort to command my countenance so as to conceal the extreme surprise with which I read an offer of His Excellency the Commander-in-Chief, Sir William Mansfield, to me to take the appointment of Judge Advocate General of the army during the time Colonel Skinner is absent on medical certificate to Europe. I put the letter on one side as though it contained nothing particular and went on with my regimental work with the quarter-master, but as soon as he was gone, my mind was filled with a conflict of feelings, some pleasurable and others painful, but one predominated in the conviction that this sudden and most unexpected call was from the Lord leading me into a new path to serve Him before those in high places and closing my testimony after twenty years' efforts to



## *JOTTINGS FROM*

confess His name in my regiment. It is a mark of honour to be thus selected by Sir William Mansfield for so very important an office. At the present time I do not feel myself fully qualified for it, but something within says there is ability to be drawn out by study and looking up to the Lord daily for wisdom. I feel confident I shall be able to fulfil the duties, and in this mind I have written and accepted the gratifying offer.

This will cause quite a revolution, taking me to Poona, instead of my going to Mhow, and, of course, involves the loss of the command of my regiment, which I have now exercised for nearly six and a half years with great pleasure. It will pain me very much to leave my old friends and the regiment in which I have served twenty-three years.

*DECEMBER 22nd.* This afternoon I went to the roll-call parade and took farewell of the regiment. I addressed them at length in Hindustani, and told them with what great pleasure I had exercised the command for six and a half years owing to their good conduct, etc., and with what pain I now parted from them. Many sobbed in the ranks, and their manner showed their deep regret. The



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Subadar Major, who is of forty years service, broke down when he heard it and cried. I gave him a good silver watch as a parting gift, and he richly deserves it, for he has been a good faithful servant of Government, and most useful to me in looking after the men in the lines. I communicated my departure from the regiment in the order-book in a long farewell order in which I expressed my obligations for the support, etc., which the officers have given to me.

They were greatly surprised when the news was made known, and all seem to be very sorry, and although the universal regret which is expressed at my departure makes the separation more painful, yet it is gratifying and shows that my endeavours to command with justice, firmness, and kindness have been fully appreciated.

*DECEMBER 23rd.* I had a very restless night, my mind being too much occupied to allow me to sleep, and it is difficult to describe the feelings with which I listened at 3 A.M. to the cheers of the sepoys and the drums playing as the regiment marched away from the station, leaving me behind. I went out at 6 o'clock for my usual walk and was comforted by the

## *JOTTINGS FROM*

Word of God and prayer. It was a season of solemn reflection, and a sense of my own failures and sins would weigh me down, if the blessed Spirit did not show me that the precious blood of Jesus had washed them all away, and enable me in faith and love to cry, "Abba, Father."

BOMBAY, 1864.

*JANUARY 28th.* On the morning of the 15th I called for Colonel S. and we went together to the Commander-in-Chief's that I might be introduced to him. He was not very gracious in his manner, and had been put out of temper by some business which he had in hand. I thanked him for having nominated me to act for Colonel S., and he replied, "Oh! it is not a personal matter; there has been no previous acquaintance between us," and added something else which I did not hear.

*FEBRUARY 29th.* I have been twice on duty at the Commander-in-Chief's, and like his way of doing business, but ~~his~~ manner is stiff and formal, and there is a painful absence of all cheerfulness in it, and a very

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unhappy expression of face, as though his spirit had no rest, and was dissatisfied with everything. He is, I am sure, a man of great ability, and I have never met anyone who arrives at decisions so quickly. He takes but a glance at a case, and intuitively judges rightly, and leads you to infer whether you are right or wrong by the action he takes in the matter. I think, judging in this way, he is satisfied with the way I am enabled to perform my duties as he has not pointed out any mistake in my opinions, decisions, etc., except on one occasion. He little knows the springs which move me, and how I take all difficulties to God, and thus am daily helped and guided in judgment.

1865.

*SEPTEMBER.* It was a very kind Providence towards us that immediately after I had made over to Colonel S., the office of Judge Advocate General, the command of the 10th Regiment Native Infantry at Poona fell vacant, and Sir C. Straubenzee, in the most kind manner offered it to me. This has saved me a long march to Mhow, and

## *JOTTINGS FROM*

a separation from my dear wife, as she could not have accompanied me, but it has been painful to me to sever the last link which bound me to my old regiment (the 6th), in which I passed twenty-four years of my Indian exile. On July 21st I assumed command of my new regiment, praying the Lord to bless me in the discharge of my duties and to make me a blessing to the officers.

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## CHAPTER VI.

### LETTERS FROM INDIA.

BOMBAY, 1867.

*APRIL 21st. (To his wife who had just sailed for England.)* I sit down to give expression to a few of the thoughts which follow you and crowd upon the mind, and at the same time to relieve the loneliness which oppresses my heart and which will be realised in greater intensity when I return to the old bungalow to-morrow. Last night I thought so much of you and pictured your wretchedness in the berth to myself until it made me feel miserable, and I did not turn in until just 11 o'clock, but I am obliged to confess that misery and everything was soon forgotten until morning when I awoke, feeling almost ashamed of myself for sleeping soundly when I knew you would pass a wakeful and unhappy night.

## JOTTINGS FROM

*APRIL 22nd (Poona).* I can't describe what I have felt and suffered this morning coming back to the old bungalow; it makes me feel choking and sick, and I should like to run off somewhere and wish the time had come to go to the hills. It is fearfully dreary and desolate and not a sound to be heard, except the cooing of a dove which irritates rather than soothes. Every place and everything speaks of you, and I seem almost to feel your presence and to see you moving about. It is all very miserable, and I would that I had the wings of a dove, and could fly away and be at rest.

*MAY 28th.* J. was telling us of the conversation he had heard between several about Mr. W. and his preaching, and my having called on him (to remonstrate) has increased the excitement, and I fancy I am generally blamed. The Chief yesterday introduced the subject to Phayre at tiffin and Phayre told him about my visit to Mr. W. He replied, "He did not see what right Colonel Field had to go and extort from Mr. Watson his confession that he denied the Atonement." Lady N. seemed shocked at what Phayre said were Mr. W.'s views,



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but almost everyone likes his preaching and sees no faults, and no wonder, for without the teaching of the Holy Spirit no one can see. I trust the Lord will bring good to some souls from the agitation that is going on, which is certainly better than the quiet content in which all were sitting under this man's false teaching, until I called upon him. I wish the Chief or Lady N. would converse with me on the subject, but I suppose they will not. I shall look out for an opportunity of speaking, but if they judge me to have been wrong in calling on Mr. W., they are not likely to speak.

*MAY 29th.* You will be pleased to hear that I had a long talk with the Chief on the subject of Mr. W.'s preaching last evening. I had prayed that, if the opportunity offered, I might be enabled to speak out faithfully and the Lord heard and answered me. We went at 5.30 to the croquet ground. I had had some previous talk with Sir Robert\* and he made no allusion to the subject, but as it got dusk, he came up to me, and began by asking if I had been at church last Sunday

\* Afterwards Lord Napier of Magdala.



## *JOTTINGS FROM*

evening. I replied at once saying that I felt unable to attend Mr. W.'s ministry again, as the previous Sunday I had been so shocked by his denial of the Atonement and other false doctrine. I went on to say that I had the next day called on Mr. Watson to find out if I had rightly understood him and discovered that he held strongly all the false doctrine I had supposed him to do and many other errors. Sir R. made a remark or two evidently to lead me on to speak, so I enlarged on the doctrine of the Atonement, the depravity of human nature, the inspiration of Scripture, pointing out how fearful the error of Mr. W. was in denying the same, how souls were deceived to their ruin, and that faithfulness to God and his Word must prevent a Christian man attending such a ministry. I spoke freely of the great salvation through the blood of Jesus. He was very serious and attentive and assented by a quiet remark now and then, and expressed his great regret whom he had looked upon as one so useful because of his activity among the soldiers, should entertain such error. I repeated much of what Mr. W. had said, and you will understand how I thanked

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the Lord for the opportunity and the grace He gave me to testify to the truth. Aitchson, seeing the Chief talking so long with me, was anxious to know what it was about, so asked me, and it gave me the opportunity of setting the truth also before him.

OCTOBER 4th, Bombay (on starting for Abyssinia). Sir Robert addressed me in the presence of the European and native officers and then told me to explain all he said to the regiment. I will use K.'s words to me afterwards. He came up and said, shaking me heartily by the hand, that, as long as he had been in the army, he had never heard such a handsome compliment paid to any regiment. Sir R. said he had selected the 10th to lead the advance of the force because of his very high opinion of the regiment. From a calm, collected man like the Chief it is most gratifying to me as commanding officer to hear this and I thank God for it, for it shows how He has made it impossible for men of the world to lift up a reproach against me as a Christian with reference to my fulfilment of duty as a commanding officer.

## JOTTINGS FROM

1868.

*JANUARY 5th (Senafé, Abyssinia).* I have just returned from doing what I felt would be good to do and yet the flesh, as it always will, rose up against me, and made me go as though I had an ague upon me. The 10th Company, Royal Engineers, is here under the command of Major Pritchard, with several subalterns, and it was their presence which caused my flesh to creep. I wrote saying I should hold divine service with the men at 10.30, so they were paraded for the occasion. I did not use the Church Service, but began with prayer, then read a chapter (St. Luke xv.) and gave them an address, setting forth as the Lord helped, God's love in Christ, and exhorting everyone to come to Him. I afterwards closed with prayer, and I think the officers must have been taken by surprise, but they said nothing, and I came away thanking God for the grace given to me, after I had distributed to the men many religious papers and tracts which they seemed glad to get. I am a great coward notwithstanding all the years in which I have been trying to testify to men of the love of

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Christ, and every new occasion always causes a great struggle within, and sometimes I cannot do that which I would.

*JUNE 3rd (Aden). (On board the "American.")* From the evening of the day I came on board commenced, perhaps, the most positive physical misery for five days which I have endured all my life. The heat was such as I have never known before. A severe attack of bilious diarrhoea set in and continued day and night, and this is the first morning that I have reason to hope that it is checked. I have been in pain nearly all the time, and such nights and days I hope never to pass again. They may be conceived of better than described, and you, who have suffered so much at sea will understand pretty well what I have had to endure. Mind and body were quite prostrated. I kept thinking of you, but I could not command my thoughts; they wandered, and I could not help believing I was marching over the mountains, and had to make constant efforts to bring myself back to the real state of things. As to praying or reading, all I could do was just to breathe up a few words for you all and for myself, and to ask to be spared if it might be. I felt greatly

## JOTTINGS FROM

the want of a servant and of a friend; the servants being few in number and none of the officers seeming to care two straws about me. Last evening I thought I had the prospect of still greater misery, for twice I lost much blood, and I know what the horrors of dysentery are. As I sat in my helplessness, I almost cried at the prospect, but I lifted up my heart to Him Who is very pitiful, and from that time I began to mend. I believe a change has set in and that this dreadful attack is passing away in the great mercy of God.

*AUGUST 20th (Malegaum).* I think the prospect of furlough makes me feel this weary, monotonous, lonely life more than I otherwise should, for at times I know not what to do with myself, and I sigh and long for some congenial soul with whom I could converse. I get tired of writing and tired of reading, and wander through the naked solitary rooms and think of the days when you and the dear children were present, and as you may imagine, it is difficult under these circumstances to be cheerful, especially when health is weak.

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1870.

*DECEMBER 17th (Malegaum).* This has been a troublesome morning with me, both before and since breakfast, owing to the adjutant and native officers coming over, and I have a short time ago held an assize court and had my door surrounded by witnesses, prisoner, and what you know I am so frightened at—a native woman, with her shrill, garrulous tongue; an old creature who accused the sepoy of taking her to his house, etc. It is such a relief after all this noise to come and commune with you in spirit. Do you remember what good you used to do me in checking my hasty temper and angry words to the men? I was then often benefited by your gentle reproof; but now, thank God, His voice calms and subdues the flesh. If memory were not so vivid, I could hardly believe that I formerly acted so inconsistently, and gave way to evil tempers to such a degree.

1871.

*MARCH 5th.* A month ago I received an official letter from Aitchison requesting



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me to return the medal which had been disallowed to the 6th regiment by the Secretary of State. As I had worn it for two years, and in the presence of her Majesty, and, besides, had done good service in command of the 6th all through the Mutinies, and been under fire at Beyt and Dwarka, I considered they ought not to take it away. So I wrote a long letter stating my claim, and requested the Commander-in-Chief to forward it to the Secretary of State. It is to this that K. refers, and I fancy he does not approve of my not returning the medal at once, but as I feel it has been fully earned, I won't give it up willingly. It is a very small matter in my eyes, and if they take it, I shall think it very shabby of them and not trouble my mind any further about it. I was reading this morning those beautiful chapters, the twenty-first and twenty-second of Revelation, and in comparison with the glories there shadowed forth, felt how wretched and unworthy of our regard are all the things in which men boast themselves here on earth.

*MARCH 25th.* I am not very well pleased with my friend K. and the headquarters people, as notwithstanding my long and strong letter



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of protest against taking away my Indian Mutiny medal, the decision of the Commander-in-Chief is that I am to return it, and therefore I must do so. I am the only man of that Oka Field Force that had it issued to him, and as I had worn it for two years and did service, not only at Beyt and Dwarka but throughout the mutiny at Poona in command of the regiment, I feel it is exceedingly shabby of them to make me give it up. The Government of India has not required this, and it is only the littleness of the Adjutant-General's Department that has done it.

*OCTOBER.* A few days ago I had a long visit from the Subadar Major of my old regiment. He is quite a gentleman in his manner, and a first-rate specimen of an intelligent native officer, and one whom I have always found to speak the truth, a very rare quality among natives. He was delighted to meet me again, and after we had talked over the regiment and old times, I introduced the subject of religion, which I remember in former times to have discussed with him. The poor old fellow was open and frank enough, saying he looked to God for mercy because of his repentance, prayers, and service

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of Him. I pointed out how impossible it was to be righteous in God's sight, our very nature being vile. I read to him part of the third of St. John, and talked much on the subject of the New Birth and the Atonement. He went far in saying he believed in Hazrat Isa (the Lord Jesus), but could not allow the necessity of His sacrifice. When I said that Mohammed admitted his own sinfulness, to which he assented, he asked if Jesus did not do the same. On my replying "No," and pointing out that He was born of the Virgin by the power of the Holy Ghost, he evidently could not receive it, and left me, very serious. I closed our conversation by saying that the Koran and the Bible could not both be true, and that the latter only contained the revelation of a Sin-bearer and Mediator.

I have read during this hot season the lives of Cornwallis, Mountstuart Elphinstone, Sir John Malcolm, Sir C. Metcalfe, Sir A. Burnes, Arthur Conolly, Eldred Pottinger, Major Tod, besides other books, eschewing all novels, but now and then I amuse myself with a tale in the magazines, but the sensational ones I don't read. I find reading of that kind decidedly hurtful, and I don't see how a

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Christian can expect to maintain communion with God while the mind is taken up with such accounts of worldly life, its follies and crimes, from which he separates in practice, and to be consistent ought therefore to abstain from indulging his imagination in them. It is astonishing how a very little (as we view it) departure from the walk of faith brings leanness into the soul. A look, a thought, a word of anger is sufficient, and it teaches us how watchful we must be, and with what a single eye we must walk, if we would experience Jesus' loving manifestations to our souls.

I remember so well, soon after my conversion, the exercise of mind I went through in 1844. I was ambitious and determined to get on in my profession, and I felt the three or four seasons of reading and prayer that I had set aside each day were a great hindrance to me in the way of military studies, and that if my mind was always so full of religious thought and reading I could not hope to make a name for myself. So the question came plainly before my mind, "Shall I choose to live to God, and keep up all this reading and prayer (which I felt needful because of my

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sinful unruly heart), or lessen these exercises and apply myself to get on in the service?" I have never regretted the choice God helped me to make, and I believe He gave me great blessing in consequence, and has not even allowed me to fall behind my contemporaries in a professional point of view, but, as you know, has always prospered me in my work, and preserved me through perils.

1872.

*MARCH 26th.* I have just had a visit from Col. F., who evidently was in a fright, poor man, lest I should speak to him seriously. It was a return visit, and as soon as I said the first word which had a religious tone in it, he got up and said "Good morning." He referred to his having joined his regiment in 1842, at which time he met me, and we now meet again here after thirty years, he still a bachelor, and I with wife and children; he still in darkness in death, and I in light and peace, knowing and loving God. I may well sing, "Oh! to grace how great a debtor," and truly my heart does pour out praise to the Lord, and if that poor man would let me,

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how gladly would I lead him to the feet of Jesus.

*FEBRUARY 23rd* (*On the march to Mhow*). To-day I began evangelistic work among the soldiers. I went to the barracks feeling weak; however, I cast myself on the Lord and walked straight into the room and began talking to those nearest me. They were not encouraging in their manner, but I found help; then two or three came together, then five or six, and as I went on, all became interested, and from the distant rooms, someone having told them, the poor fellows came flocking round me, until about sixty were present. If you could have seen their faces, some dissipated-looking fellows deeply interested, young faces lighted up, old ones hanging on every word, eyes filling with tears, and when to raise even deeper interest I asked, "Am I tiring you? shall I stop?" the hearty response from all to go on—all this would have been quite a study to you.

1873.

*DECEMBER 16th*. No place is more vividly in my memory than Baroda. This is

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partly owing to the severe trial of faith I endured there. To this day I remember the verse which upheld me in that night of agony and sorrow.\* It was "God is righteous in all His ways and holy in all His works," and I walked up and down the dining-room, repeating this. Now, after twenty-four years of experience, I can look back and bless the Lord for all His love and faithful dealings with us. It is not difficult to trust Him when we look back and see how He has led us in His long-suffering grace, and He will be our guide even unto death.

1874.

*SEPTEMBER 28th.* It has been a melancholy afternoon attending General S.'s funeral, and I don't think I felt so sad at any officer's funeral. Owing to his rank a whole European regiment (the 7th) was present, also a battery of artillery, and two squadrons of cavalry all drawn up at the bungalow. Nearly all officers and civilians at the station were present, including the Governor and

\* For the loss of his first child.



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Commander-in-Chief. I had to be one of the six pall-bearers with black silk scarf. The coffin was placed on a gun-carriage, the poor man's charger in full dress led behind the body, with the chief mourners, Major S. and Colonel W. The whole procession started with the band playing the Dead March, and all officers marched on foot until we got near my house. A heavy shower of rain fell to the damage of all our full-dress kit, and I fear my A.D.C. gold trappings will be all the worse for it. Heavy rain had filled the road with water, and we had all to tramp through it. I found it impossible to join in great part of the funeral service, for there is that dreadful uncertainty about the poor man's state before God. It was so painful looking round at the pretty house and garden as we passed. A dear little bulbul in a cage over the front door was excited by the noise, and all the time chirruped away so happily that its very cheerfulness added to the melancholy of the whole scene. The road everywhere was crowded with natives, all gazing with curiosity at the imposing spectacle; for there has been no funeral in Poona of an officer so high in rank for a great many years.



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*SEPTEMBER 29th.* Paid my last visit to the Chief, and he was very gracious and said many complimentary things, and I made polite speeches in return. He then shook hands, saying our official intercourse had ended, but that he hoped to see me again before he left. I came away thanking the Lord for having so greatly prospered me in my work,\* so that all has gone well. I deeply feel how fully prayer has been answered, and that it has not been by my own wisdom and ability that I have thus succeeded.

*SEPTEMBER 30th.* You will sympathize with my mind this morning, as I begin the day which may be viewed as the last of my active service in India. It is the commencement of a new epoch in my life, and I am seeking to enter upon it thoughtfully and prayerfully, using the season for a new dedication of my whole life to the Lord Jesus.

*OCTOBER 3rd.* I was in Sassoon Hospital yesterday morning, and telling a poor Christian wife, who is partly paralyzed, to have faith in God with regard to her husband, who is a backslider, has taken to

\* As Judge Advocate General.

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drink, and says he will not support her any more. While talking to her of God, I felt I was exhorting myself to have the same faith in God. We shall obtain the answer of blessing if we faint not, so "lift up the hands that hang down and the feeble knees." We are even now receiving answers to prayer, and although the cloud is very dark, yet the light is behind, and will pierce through when the time comes for the south wind to blow.

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### APPENDIX.

ENGLAND, 1875.

*APRIL 2nd.* A lady came to the office to speak with me. I went with her into the large room, and there listened and ministered as the Lord helped me. She was "trying to believe," knew all Scripture, felt deeply her sins, but could get no peace. I told her she must give up "trying," and just trust in Jesus, and when she was walking down Regent Street a few minutes afterwards, thinking of what I said, joy and peace in believing filled her soul. She went home rejoicing, coming back next day to tell us all. It is a striking instance of God's grace and power to the seeking soul.

*AUGUST 15th (Ramsgate).* A remarkable instance of the Lord's grace in sending me to preach the gospel should be recorded. After lunch I stood looking out of the window across

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to the pier which was crowded with people, enjoying the bright afternoon. Whilst I was thus gazing, it was as though inwardly a voice said to me, "Go and speak to this people." It was so distinct, that it made me tremble; I felt it must be from the Spirit of God. I knelt in prayer that God would help me, and told my dear wife, and she advised my going, so I took my Testament, knelt praying for grace and guidance, and started, feeling very nervous, for the pier. I walked through the crowd and returned, praying all the way, but found no help. I began again to walk, and the thought came that, if I expected help, I must begin. I then went to a group of young men, opened my Testament, and read to them a passage in John v. Immediately the Lord gave power, and I preached Christ. A large crowd gathered, and for twenty minutes I declared the gospel, and invited the people to come next Sunday to hear me at 3. I then passed through the crowd, and a respectable woman came up to me saying, "Oh, sir, before you came, I stood here praying the Lord to send someone to speak to these people and then you came."

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1876.

*FEBRUARY 19th.* Paid a visit to 48, Great Marlborough Street, the old office of the "House to House Visitation." Met Miss E. there. She told me of Miss Wood's death with congestion of the brain, brought on by the cruel treatment she received in Madame ——'s establishment, because of the part she took in introducing the gospel to the young women there. My having given an address there stirred up the enmity of the principal. Miss Wood was so worried that it brought on illness, and thus for Christ's sake she suffered and died.

1889.

*JULY 22nd.* At 3 o'clock I paid a visit to my old chief, Lord Napier of Magdala, at 63, Eaton Square. I found him in, and he was most cordial. I sat half an hour and he talked of India, and of the service. He gave me some of his early experiences, spoke in praise of the regiment I commanded, and responded feelingly to some observations regarding God's providence over us. The

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visit was a great pleasure to me, and I think it was to him.

1890.

*JANUARY 3rd.* Colonel — interested me greatly in the account he gave of an old acquaintance of mine, General L., who was under my command in the Abyssinian campaign. Just before he came to England he was talking to a native officer, who was leaving his regiment on receiving pension. "What will you do," said L., "at home?" "Oh," said the subadar, "I shall have leisure, and intend to read my Koran more, and serve God better." This answer greatly impressed L., who felt that he himself, who had had the Bible, had neglected the true God, and had never yet thought of serving Him better. This thought never left him, and in this country, under the ministry of the Rev. Evan Hopkins, he was converted and found rest.

*APRIL (Rome).* In Signor Capellini's Gospel Hall it was my great privilege to address a number of Italian soldiers belonging to the regiments in Rome. Signor Capellini



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has been for more than ten years used by God to carry out gospel work among the soldiers all over Italy.

The hall was crowded, and it was delightful to witness the joyous manner in which these Italian soldiers realised their liberty. Madame Capellini interpreted for me, and for forty minutes it was my joy to preach Jesus Christ. The interest excited was intense, and when I sat down, a sergeant rose and gave the thanks of all for the address. He also gave a message of sympathy to British soldiers and sailors. At the close they crowded round me, each one shaking hands.

*AUGUST 17th. (K.C.B. Investiture.)*

At 9.10 A.M. I was at Waterloo. Many other officers in uniform were on the platform. We filled two saloon carriages, and reached Portsmouth Harbour at 12.15. H.M. Yacht "Alberta" was waiting to take us to Cowes. Twelve open carriages were waiting at Cowes, and a pleasant drive of twenty minutes brought us to the Queen's residence. The officers of the household received us, and soon afterwards we sat down in the dining-hall to lunch. The surroundings were simply like those in any gentleman's house. Lunch over,

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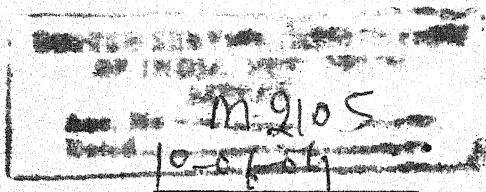
we stood about the corridor until 3 o'clock, when, in what was called the Council Room, the investiture took place. I was the third in seniority. One by one we passed through the first room into the room where the Queen stood to receive us, a stool close in front of her for each officer to kneel upon. We were told to approach, bow low several times, and then to kneel. I did so ; she laid the sword across my shoulder, and gave me her hand to kiss, then took the star and attached it to my left breast. The Duke of Connaught at the same time put the ribbon with the Order of the Bath round my neck. The Queen again gave me her hand, and having lifted it to my lips, I rose, and bowing, stepped backward several paces, and passed through another door.

1892.

*NOVEMBER 2nd.* Visited in Greenwich. While with one miserably poor family of eight children, and talking to the mother, she suddenly, from weakness, fell off the stool in a dead faint, knocking her head against the floor. They are half-starved as the

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husband cannot get work. I gave them bread and milk. It is sad indeed to know that such cases are numerous in all parts of this great city.



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